The New-York Saturday Press

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. V. NO. 20.
NEW ISSUE NO. 12

NEW YORK, MAY 19, 1866.

$5.00 A YEAR.
10 CTS. A NUMBER.

STEINWAY & SONS'

GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT

PIANOFORTES

are now acknowledged the best instruments in America as well as in Europe, having taken Thirty-five first premiums, Gold and Silver Medals, at the principal fairs held in this country within the last ten years, and in addition thereto they were awarded a First Prize Medal at the Great International Exhibition in London, 1862, for

Powerful, Clear, Brilliant, and Sympathetic Tone,
with excellence of workmanship, as shown in grand and square PIANOS.

There were 200 Pianos, from all parts of the world, entered for competition, and the special correspondent of *The Times* says:

"Messrs. STEINWAYS' indorsement by the jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker.

"This greatest triumph of American Pianofortes in England has caused a sensation in musical circles throughout the continent, and as a result, the Messrs. STEINWAY are in constant receipt of orders from Europe, thus inaugurating a new phase in the history of American Pianofortes, by creating in them an article of export."

Every Steinway Pianoforte is Warranted for Five Years.

Among the many and most valuable improvements introduced by Messrs. Steinway & Sons in their Pianofortes,

THE SPECIAL ATTENTION OF PURCHASERS
is directed to their

PATENT AGRAFFE ARRANGEMENT.

(For which letters patent were granted to them Nov. 29, 1859.)

The value and importance of this invention having been practically tested, since that time by Steinway & Sons, in all their Grands and highest-priced Square Pianofortes, and admitted to be the greatest improvement of modern times, they now announce that hereafter their "Patent Agraffe Arrangement" will be introduced in every Pianoforte manufactured by them, without increase of cost to the purchaser. In order that all their patrons may reap the full advantage of this great improvement.

Testimonial of the most distinguished Artists to STEINWAY & SONS

The Pianofortes, Grand, Square, and Upright, manufactured by Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS, have established for themselves so world-wide a reputation that it is hardly possible for us to add anything to their just fame.

Having thoroughly tested and tried these instruments personally for years, both in public and private, it becomes our pleasant duty to express our candid opinion regarding their unquestioned superiority over any other Piano known to us

Among the chief points of the uniform excellence of the STEINWAY Pianos are:

Greatest possible depth, richness, and volume of tone, combined with a rare brilliancy, clearness, and perfect evenness throughout the entire scale, and, above all, a surprising duration of sound, the pure and sympathetic quality of which never changes under the most delicate or powerful touch.

This peculiarity is found exclusively in the STEINWAY Piano, and together with the matchless precision, elasticity, and promptness of action always characterizing these instruments, as well as their unequaled durability under the severest trials, is truly surprising, and claims at once the admiration of every artist. We therefore consider the STEINWAY Pianos in all respects *the best instruments made in this country or in Europe, use them solely and exclusively ourselves in public or private, and recommend them invariably to our friends and the Public.*

We have at different times expressed our opinion regarding the the Pianos of various makers, but *freely and unhesitatingly pronounce Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS' Pianos superior to them all.*

S. B. MILLS,	WM. MASON,	A. H. PEASE,
ROBERT GOLDBECK,	ROBERT HELLER,	THEO. EISFELD,
HENRY C. TIMM,	WM. BERGE,	C. BERGMANN,
GEO. W. MORGAN,	E. MUZIO,	MAX MARETZEK,
THEO. THOMAS,	CARL ANSCHUTZ	CARL WOLFSOHN,
F. L. RITTER,	F. BRANDUS,	B. WOLLENHAUPT,
THEO. MOHLENIG,	CHAS. WELS,	F. VON BREUNIG.

Letter from the Artists of the Italian and German Opera, and other Celebrated Vocalists.

NEW YORK, December, 1864.

MESSRS. STEINWAY & SONS—Gentlemen:—Having used your Pianos for some time in public and in private, we desire to express our unqualified admiration in regard to their merits.

We find in them excellencies which no other Pianos known to us possess to the same perfection. They are characterized by a sonority, harmonious roundness and richness of tone, combined with an astonishing prolongation of sound, most beautifully blending with and supporting the voice, to a degree that leaves nothing to be desired. Indeed, we have never met with any instruments, not even of the most celebrated manufactories of Europe, which have given us such entire satisfaction, especially as regards their unequalled qualities for accompanying the voice, and keeping in tune so long a time, as your Pianos; and we therefore cheerfully recommend them above all others to students of Vocal music and to the public generally.

MAX MARETZEK,	CARL BERGMANN,	CARL ANSCHUTZ,
B. MASSMILIANI,	ELENA D'ANGRI,	KARL FORMES,
FERD. BELLINI,	PEDRO DE ABELLA,	THEO. HABELMANN,
W. LOTTI,	E. MILLET,	FRANZ HIMMER,
JOS. WEINLICH,	F. MAZZOLENI,	JOS. HERMANNS,
D. B. LORINI,	GIUSEPPE TAMARO,	BERTHA JOHANNSEN,
CARLOTTA C. ZUCCHI.	ISIDOR LUBMAN,	MARIE FREDERICI,
MRS. J. VAN. ZANDT,	H. STEINECKE,	PAULINE CANISSA.

Letter from the Eminent Musician and Celebrated Composer of "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," FRANZ ABT.

BRUNSWICK (Germany) September 10, 1860.

MESSRS. STEINWAY & SONS—Gentlemen:—A short time ago I had occasion of meeting with, and trying one of your Patent Overstrung Grand Concert Pianos, which had been brought here by Mr. Hohnstock, of Philadelphia, and I cannot refrain from expressing to you my undisguised admiration. There are no other instruments known to me which could excel yours; with respect to fullness of tone, I have never met with their equal. Such power of the bass, and roundness of the middle tones, such softness and clearness of the upper notes, and withal such complete uniformity of the various octaves. I have, so far, never met in any instrument, not even in any of the most celebrated manufactories of Europe. The elasticity of touch is most surprising, and it may be taken as a sure evidence of the attentiveness of tune, that in spite of the distant transportation from Philadelphia to this place, there was not one string out of tune. I am satisfied that these instruments will soon take the lead of all other makes, and I wish from my heart that you may continue to labor for the benefit of Art, for many years.

Very respectfully yours, FRANZ ABT.

BROOKLYN, JANUARY, 26, 1861.

MESSRS. STEINWAY—I regard him as a benefactor who builds a good Piano, and I am your beneficiary on that account. Having had one of your instruments for several years, I can bear witness to its admirable qualities in every respect. I am more than satisfied, and if I had to buy another, I should certainly go to your rooms again. It is a pleasure to praise your work.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

From "A Discourse on Pianos," by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. N. Y. INDEPENDENT, Dec. 7, 1865.

Upon a lucky day, a Steinway Piano stood in our parlor. For power, fulness, richness, and evenness of tone, it was admirable: nor do we believe we could better in our choice In our summer home it stands yet, a musical angel; and our wish is that the day may come when every working man in America may have a good STEINWAY PIANO."

WAREROOMS, No. 71 and 73 EAST FOURTEENTH Street between Union Square and Irving Place, New York.

(For the Saturday Press.)

THE CITY OF THE SILENT,--A TRIBUTE TO THE WOODLAWN CEMETERY.

BY ABSOLOM PETERS, D. D.

"O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom."

We very much fear that this cheerful little poem which its author modestly designates as a *Tribute* is not as widely known as it should be, so we propose to call attention to some of its characteristics. It was first published in "HOURS AT HOME," for May, 1866, and is now reprinted in pamphlet form. To speak moderately and within bounds, it is the weakest piece of clerical humbug that has fallen under our notice for many a day. Weak, and yet bold, for it certainly requires some courage to submit such a production to the candid criticism of the public, even when it comes under the overshadowing name of a Doctor of Divinity. The "City of the Silent" is a poem descriptive of the Woodlawn Cemetery and the Animus of the whole affair is made apparent by reference to the last pages of the pamphlet where the names of the Trustees of the Cemetery appear—our friend the author figuring among them as Vice-President. Subjoined to the poem, also, are certain prose details in which we find statistics of the number of acres, size of lots, estimates of comparative cost of carriage hire between this cemetery and Greenwood, and various other matters of interest to those contemplating interment.

It will, perhaps, strike the reader that a poet writing from the point of view of a Trustee and property owner, would, perhaps, feel himself somewhat hampered—his wings clipped as it were and he not able to soar with that freedom that would enable him to display all his powers—that, in fact, the problem being to get off his hands so many lots for so many verses it might be found somewhat difficult to insinuate in decorous blank verse that excellent burial sites could be obtained at a very cheap rate, at a cemetery easy of access from the city, with other marketable considerations, and yet to throw such a glow of Christian feeling and high moral sentiment over the whole, that the poem should appear to have been written from a lofty spiritual standpoint, and not to be based on a question of bargain and sale. It is to this problem that our reverend author has addressed himself: with what success we leave it to the reader to determine.

See how nobly the poem begins! What have questions of filthy lucre to do with an immense mind pondering immense things?

> "Thou city of the silent! Pensively I stroll,
> To muse of thee: and near my theme—great thoughts astir
> I ponder things immense: the ages of the world;
> Great cities and their dead: the Island city near;
> Its greatness yet to be—its population vast,
> Within and far around; and O! how soon it fills
> A million graves!"

We don't in the least doubt that the Doctor not only had "*ponde'red*" this last item, but had figured it out completely to his satisfaction before accepting the vice presidency of the Necropolis. Indeed, any doubts that we might have on the question are set at rest in a subsequent portion of the poem, where we find these significant lines:

> "My thoughts run on a hundred years. Long ere that time
> These graves will hold the treasures of a million hearts,
> *Not yet be full.*"

Indeed, it can hardly be doubted that the Trustees at their little festive banquets—"on funeral baked meats," perchance—have gauged the capacities and measure of growth of their graveyard to a fraction. The mathematical part of the poem we may fairly conclude to have originated from the author in his capacity of Trustee and not of Poet. We must remember, however, that he is not only mathematician and poet, but likewise Doctor of Divinity, and it is, we presume, in this last character that he proceeds to show his familiarity with the intentions of Providence as regards this particular plot of ground and its special interposition to preserve the same for the purpose to which it is now devoted. Here is the Doctor's ground on that question:

> "Divine forecasting plans of Providence had kept
> These ancient farms contiguous, of culture rude,
> For sacred use. The great metropolis—the mart
> Of trade—was spreading from its centre outward far:
> ** But wealth and boundless enterprise were stayed to spare
> This ample plot of ground, two centuries and more."

There is as much truth as poetry in this and none to spare of either. The idea that Providence stayed the wealth and enterprise of the city of New York two centuries and more in order that the Trustees of Woodlawn Cemetery might have a first rate burying ground—or that Providence in any way specially interposed to preserve these particular farms for this particular purpose any more than any other piece of ground for any other particular purpose, is a theological absurdity coming even from a Doctor of Divinity. Dr. Peters may be prepared to say that the Lord preserved certain land on the Tenth Avenue, two centuries and more that the Gas Company might put their works on it and in fact every particular piece of land in all the world for the particular purpose to which it is now devoted: and in a certain sense, this might convey a truth but, if this was what the Doctor meant, the rule is of such a universal application that it is a sheer waste of time and words to have picked out his particular lot by way of illustration since it is no more true of that lot than any other. But this is evidently not his idea: he means to give it as his opinion that there is a special interposition of Providence in respect to graveyards and in respect to this graveyard in particular—the superior solemnity attending death being perhaps a sufficient reason to his mind why Providence should make an exception to general rules in regard to cemeteries. Who this Doctor Peters is—of what denomination, sect or creed we know not, never having heard of him otherwise than through this so-called "Tribute;" but his theology, if this be a fair specimen thereof, appears to us as loose-jointed as his poetry, which in its turn is nothing more than the most commonplace prose that trails painfully along in a weary metre of twelve feet to the line, at a funereal pace intended perhaps to be in keeping with the subject. If the funeral would only wind its way on as far as Woodlawn, and the trustees could there gather about this poor poem, at some unsaleable lot, set apart for the purpose, and then consign it to the dust (as in old times we used to bury Euclid at college). Dr. Peters being permitted by right of paternity and as chief—perhaps only—mourner to indulge in a few parting words: then, indeed, we might, like David of old, arise, wash and eat, and poetic justice would, for once, at least, have been done: but as there is little hope of this excellent suggestion being adopted, we resume our consideration of the poem. Here is a paragraph descriptive of the superior trained beauty of a graveyard over the mere wanton beauty of poor nature, unadorned by slabs and monuments:

> "Already science plies its arts, and taste refined
> Its touch, transforming nature's wild exuberance
> To landscape beauty and the *chaste and mellow tints*
> Of downy lawns—and copses green and gay parterres."

What loose unmeaning language this is. To say nothing of the absurdity of transforming nature's exuberance into landscape beauty, what are we to make of the chaste tint of a downy lawn—what would the unchaste tint of a downy lawn be, and what has a mellow tint to do with a lawn—what colored lawn would a chaste and mellow tinted lawn be? All the lawns that we have ever seen were (when they were downy) green, and green isn't a mellow tint though it may be chaste for aught we know to the contrary. This may be all very well for poetry, but if the Doctor surveying his possessions were to inform one of his co-trustees that "that was a very chaste and mellow tinted lawn" we apprehend that the co-trustee would gaze wildly at the Reverend poet for an explanation.

Here is a little fragment apparently imitated from the advertising columns of one of the daily papers, when we are informed that furnished rooms for single gentlemen may be obtained, also suites of rooms to accommodate families.

> "And hither borne, with loving tenderness and care,
> Dead citizens are brought and buried out of sight—
> In narrow houses laid, with premises secured
> For tenants all alone, or families apart,
> Or groups of friends."

The Doctor is rather particular to inform us that dead citizens are brought here and buried out of sight. As though Woodlawn was rather an exception in this direction, and at other cemeteries they brought *live* citizens. It is very good and considerate in him also, to assure us that they are buried out of sight, for in the gross ignorance prevailing on the subject, his readers might not have been aware of that fact and have supposed that they were only partly buried and not altogether concealed from view.

We will not weary our reader with further extracts. Those that we have given, are a fair sample of the composition. We have called attention to the thing because it seemed to us a new and particularly mischievous advertising scheme. It was all very well so long as this sort of thing was confined to clothing stores, patent medicines and perfumes—we had ceased to be surprised in reading verses in the newspaper to find the close of some stirring lyric, to be an urgent advice to purchase our clothing at Smith & Brothers—or to find some admirable moral sentiment abruptly terminating in a eulogy upon the Night Blooming Cereus, or fragrant Sozodont, but we confess to a feeling of anything but respect when we find the sacred names of poetry and religion invoked to puff a cemetery, and the solemn themes of death and the life to come, ending in a description of the size of lots and the facilities of getting to the cemetery by train.

We have heard that godliness is great gain—and perhaps, in a manner the show of godliness may also be great gain, but we hope that in future this species of mercenary rhyming will be left to the quack medicine venders and clothiers, and that Reverend Doctors of Divinity will leave this penny-a-lining business to the professional writers of rhyming advertisements.

[For the Saturday Press.]

A FEW ART HINTS FROM A TRANSCEDENTALIST.

The art-fever which about a year ago was at its height in this community, has abated, and the Spring opening of the National Academy finds us in a somewhat indifferent humor. This reaction is natural. Like all other excitements based upon ephemeral causes—novelty, fashion, sentimental enthusiasm, etc.,—it has had its day; but there still remains the old leaven, and there are more among us capable of deriving real pleasure from works of art; those who have allowed their eyes and minds to rest on them long enough to see the truth the artist has aimed to tell.

A great development of the art-faculty among us is certain. That it is to a great extent properly directed, and is producing commendable works now, is, however, no argument against more light. Such works as M. Taine's on the "Philosophy of Art" are useful therefore, although another has said, "It is no good sign for any practical branch of human affairs if there is much literature or philosophy written upon it—when art itself was great, there was no art-literature." This may be true, but every age has a philosophy of art—whether it be set down in a book or not—based upon the current philosophy, and controlled by the spirit of the age. An artist may imitate the works of a past age, but that is all. He can never perfectly reproduce the spirit. The imitations cannot but be "sicklied over with the pale cast of thought." The legitimate works of an age are its interpretations of nature, the expression of its ideas and aspirations, and these come not from slavish copying of the works of any preceding period.

The Egyptian embodied his conceptions of power and sublimity by gigantic size; the Greek, by extreme strength and beauty of form, and a countenance calm in knowledge of divine supremacy. The Greek artist was compelled by law of the State as well as by the mythical character of his religion to idealize. In the middle ages the church taught the almost unmixed evil of nature and the utter depravity of man, and hence the elevation of the spiritual element. The artists, filled with the thought of their time, embodied it in the faces of heavenly virgins and saintly martyrs. In all three epochs art used almost solely to illustrate religion. It is not to the philosophy, religion, or art of the past that our artists must go for inspiration.

Our age has been called an age of criticism, and it may perhaps be vain to look for any great creative work in it; but the critical by discovering true ideas, or ideas true by comparison with those which have preceded them, lays the basis for the creative, and our artists, by ascertaining and pursuing the true path, may give birth in a not distant future to those who shall make their names and their nation illustrious.

We are logical, and refuse to be fed with lies. Whoever speaks for this time must tell a true tale,

and which will bear the questioning of science and reason. With all our materialism there is great faith among us too. The laws of progressive development are being investigated and tested, and we are beginning to place our hopes of salvation upon them. We have felt that the continuance of all that is beautiful in our social and political life depended upon the triumph of liberal principles in the recent war. Principle is only a name for a mode of action of Force, of whose working man is the highest and most complex result. He has bound up in his being the record of all the developments that have preceded him in the world. There is no link missing in the chain which binds him to the "poor stones that plot and plan what they will do when they are man." Man's sympathies are as Catholic as his relationship. It is not necessary that a picture or a statue shall be a representation of perfect form or divine intelligence to confer æsthetic pleasure. Whatever representation attracts our sympathy, whether pleasurable or painful, confess æsthetic pleasure, and is entitled to be admitted to the heavenly consecration of art.

The artistic faculty is the power of removing objects or subjects out of the perplexing variety of nature, and placing them so that others can perceive them as they are, and partake of the artist's sympathy with them. "Art is a service." It educates the perceptions and sympathies. It retains in its cause all who by science, by poetry, by music, by painting, by sculpture, are bringing out the riches of intellect and sympathy in the nature of man. Philosophers, statesmen, and soldiers, all who work in the cause of liberty, are opening doors for its development; and where liberty is most perfect, there will art be richest. I. E.

"THE SOUTH AS IT IS."

APPOMATTOX C. H., *Jan.*, 1866.

MY DEAR PRESS:

Appomattox C. H., is situated in Virginia and, marvelous as it may appear, is about the same distance from Washington as Washington is from it.

Curiosity and a noble brute of the equine species brought me here.

Scarcely a vestige of anything remains to mark the spot of Lee's surrender—the place where the Rebellion's death warrant was signed.

After the surrender of the rebel chief, the relic-hunters played the deuce generally with the place.

Every movable article was carried off as relics of the finis of the hydra-headed monster—Rebellion.

Ere this they have been converted into:

Breastpins,
Photograph albums,
Diamond rings,
Waterfalls,
False teeth,
Steinway Pianos,
Empire bonnets,
Corner lots;

And many other fancy knick-knacks too tedious to enumerate.

It is not true the writings were made under a tree, in this vicinity.

This, as well as other facts, I glean from an intelligent freedman,—formerly contraband.

The final interviews of Grant and Lee were held in an untenanted house.

The table on which the articles of capitulation were indited, first disappeared.

The house was afterwards occupied by a confederate, his wife and two daughters.

One night, as was customary with them, the four persons comprising this family threw off the cares and clothing of the day, and sought that repose which "tired nature's sweet restorer" alone can give.

Their astonishment was immense on waking next morning, to discover that the only roof that covered them was the blue dome of heaven.

During the night, a party of adventurous Yanks had carried away the entire house, piece by piece, for the purpose of securing mementoes of the Surrender.

Nor did the relic-mania terminate here.

A couple of youths from the North arriving the next day, and finding the house raseed, determined not to return empty-handed.

They carried off the old man's two daughters,—and married them!

I venture to predict that these females will pretty effectually serve as remembrances of war to their husbands.

Albeit the old woman was painfully homely, no doubt she would have been spirited away in like manner, had she not secreted herself behind a tuft of grass, where she remained until an opportunity afforded to accompany her husband further South.

This I learn from the only "reliable gentleman" who remained in the South during the Conflict.

I will not disguise the fact that the main object of my visit here was to obtain a souvenir of the wind-up of the Rebellion.

But, like subtracting two from two, nought remains.

Only last week, an energetic cuss had dug up and carted off the cellar.

I glanced around for the well, but that was gone, too!

But this morning my hitherto futile search was crowned with success.

I discerned something lying on the ground, partly bursted in mud.

On picking it up it proved to be a *knot-hole!*

Fact!—a knot-hole from the veritable table on which the conditions of the surrender were penned.

A Union refugee informs me that the table contained a knot-hole of exactly the same dimensions and appearance.

Some persons might consider this little memento of no value, but I prize it more highly than I would a "yaller derg." Yours,

B. DADD.

(*From the London Pun.*)

MRS. BROWN ON BRINGING UP A FAMILY.

I often wishes myself back in the Commercial road, that I do, when I used to do for myself, with only Mrs. Challin a coming in for half a day occasional.

I'm sure I was very happy, a-working away all day long, and sometimes a-singing, as would often make me laugh to myself as I ain't no singer, and never were, except to get the children off; and them songs would bring 'em back into my mind, and I'd often have a good cry, 'specially when I thought of my boy out in Canada. How I have loved that dear fellow, and how I've laid awake night after night when a infant, and worried about his teeth; and then when he'd growed up and stopped out late o' nights through [illegible]king his friends, and goin' to the play, and only seventeen, as Brown didn't hold with. So we was obliged to let him in on the sly, and have often told a white one for to save him from his father.

Ah, he was a nice looking boy, he was, and I shall never see him again, nor give him a kiss and see his bright smile. It's very hard for a mother to bear; I can't make it out how it is as Brown don't feel as I do, though I must allow as I caught him more than once a-sobbing like a child, as he said was hiccups, but I know'd better.

Why can't boys keep steady, and be a comfort to their mothers, and not go a-smoking and a-dressing beyond their means; though I must say as I did feel proud of my boy when he was a-going out Sunday afternoons, and would slip out so as his father shouldn't see him.

I do think the only serious words I ever had with Brown was over that boy, as though having his faults, and sometimes would answer me disrespectful as the sayin' is, wouldn't never stoop to a falsehood. I never will forget that Ann Travers for the way as she treated him, as was two years older than him; and then to marry a journeyman baker of a Easter Sunday, without a word to my poor boy, as met 'em out a walkin' that day week.

He never was the same boy agin; and when I heard him answer his father that night, as made me interfere, for I said to him, "Joe, I've been a good mother to you, and will be to my dyin' day, but if ever I hear you dare for to break your Commandments like that I'm done with you." I do think as he was sorry, but had a proud heart as wouldn't give in, and then took a place where he lived out, and only come home of a Sunday, a-bringing his things to be washed in a little black bag. I knowed it would never do, and it never didn't, for he soon got into troubles, and 'listed in the end, as you've heerd me speak on often and often; but I do assure you though the house where we lives now is very nice—quite genteel like—I'd go back joyful to Condick-street, and 'ave my Joe near me, specially now as he's married and got three.

I do think if any one was to say the word, I'd be off to Canady this very day, not as I'd leave Brown, certainly not; but yet to see my boy's children would be a heartful for me; not as I can complain of Brown, as has sent him out the money for to buy himself off; and he's got a farm, but I can't get him out of my head night nor day. Not as I should get on well with his wife, perhaps, through being of the Irish persuasion, not as that's anythin' to me; and as to the Irish, I've known 'em golden jewels for hearts, though hot-tempered.

I suppose I didn't bring him up as I did ought to, yet I don't know, for I've heard a good deal about bringin' up a family; but there don't seem to me no rule to go by, for what suits one temper don't another.

I'm sure there was Mr. Eatwell, as were a minister, his was a nice family, as come to my door a-givin' me a lecture 'cos the children was a-playin' harmless of a Sunday afternoon in the bit of front garden—not a-makin' no noise to disturb the neighbers, as is a thing I don't hold with, and wouldn't allow was it ever so.

Them Eatwells had nine, and if ever you see such goin's on, as had false keys, and got out and in by the washus winder, and brought disgrace and misery on that good man; leastways considered good, and if chapel-goin' could do it, he was good, for I'm sure he preached his inside out, as I could hear him a-bawlin', through his chapel winders bein' open, in my back garden of a summer-evenin', often.

I certainly was sorry for that poor woman when them two boys of hers was took out of the house 'ancuffed that morain', and I heard her scream plain, and got seven year a-piece; and as to her daughters; ah, poor thing, she might well take to drinkin', and draw him to the same, as was turned out of his chapel, and come to beggary.

I never shall forget to my dyin' day a-goin into their place, a small house with four rooms, as they'd moved into when troubles overtook 'em, and I only come to go through Mrs. Davis' as did used to sit under him, and stuck to 'em like a true-hearted woman till took with rheumatic fever herself, and says to me a-goin to see her, "Do go and see after them poor Eatwells as must be starvin'."

So to pacify her I did go and hammered at the door over so long, till Eatwell come to answer it hisself. He was a man I never could abear, but when I see him all unshaved, with bloodshot eyes, and a old rag of a dressing-gown that filthy as give you a turn, my heart melted. So I told him as I'd come from Mrs. Davis, for to see after his good lady. He didn't seem much to understand, but at last he says "Step in," and so I did. He says, "Up stairs," and up I goes.

Never shall I forget the sight as met my eyes. A old tent bedstead and a chair without a bottom was all there was in the room. I don't believe as there was anythin' over the bed but some old rags of clothes, and the bed itself was only a tickin' stuffed with shavin's, and there was that poor creature a-layin' in her clothes, such as they was, with her 'air all matted, and a skeleton for thinness.

I says, "'Aven't you had no advice for her?" He only shakes his head, I says, "Whatever does she take?" He says, "Nothin'." I says, "It's murder to let her go on like this." He didn't make no reply, but the poor woman gave a groan like, and moved her blue parched-up lips, as though she wanted drink. I says, "Where can I get a drop of water for her?" He says, "No water," and goes to a cupboard and fetches out a physick bottle as had a little sperrits in it, as he poured into a teacup. I says, "Never will I stand by and see you do such a thing," but she opened her eyes and seemed to gloat at the sight of the cup. He says, "It's the only thing she's touched for three weeks.

Just then there come a double knock at the door. I thought as it were pr'aps the doctor, so hurries down to open it, and there stood a fine lady all dressed out, as said, "Mrs. Eatwell at home, my good woman?" I says, "Pray who may you be?" "Oh," she says, "it's all right, I'm her daughter," and flaunts by me into the passage.

I says, "You her daughter! Then," I says, "I hope you're come to nurse her, for she's dreadful bad." She says, "I've no time to stop, but I've brought her some money." So I says, "I think you'd like to give it yourself, as I'm a stranger. So she says, "Well, I can't stop a minit," and up she trips. I follured her pretty close. She says: "Which room?" I says, "Straight for'ard," and pretendin' for to try to open the door for her, got her in sudden with a bit of a push. I couldn't see her face, but I heard her exclaim solemn, for there was her mother a-layin' dead, with her head out of bed, and her father a-settin' on the side, foolish in drink. She says, "Why did you bring me to sich a sight?" I says, "I bring you to it, you base hussy, as has left your parents to perish, a-rollin in your willainy."

She began for to scream as I put the poor creature back in the bed. That roused the poor man up, as said, "Lizzie, is that you? Your mother wants you. She's very ill. Why didn't you come before?" So she says to him, "It's no fault of mine." I looked at her for to see if there was any feelin' in her heart, but, bless you, not a bit, nor a tear in her eye, though she did pretend to keep a-wipin it with a lace-edged 'andkercher, but that ginger-like, for fear as she should take off the paint.

Jest then a old woman, as was a downright bunch of rags and filth, put her 'ead in at the door, and I see as she'd sperrits in a bottle. Well, she begun a-sayin' a deal about how them poor couple 'ad been a-goin on a-drinkin' hard night and day.

I says, "You're a neat article, you are, to let a woman die like this, and never say a word." So she says it wasn't no business of hers, as come in once a day to do for them. I says, "You have been and done for 'em; but," I says, "now you run for a doctor." So the daughter says, "Rubbish! a doctor can't do no good." I says, "You say a word, and see if I don't 'ave the police in," as soon brought her to reason, and she says, "Pray have everythin' done proper, and I'll pay you handsome, for I really can't do no good." I says, "Stay or go as you please; "but, I says, don't look to me for to do anythin', for I won't, as I wouldn't mix myself up with none of your disgrace."

I shouldn't have stayed so long, only the poor old man was like in a fit, and I'd undone his collar and put my pocket-ankercher wet to his head. Well, my lady she was a-goin to flaunt off when up comes the doctor, as says, "This is disgraceful; there must be an inquest. I never saw such neglect in my life." Nor more didn't I, says I.

Well, she said she wasn't goin' to stop there to be talked to like that, and she says to the old woman, "You knows my address," and off she bounces.

We had her to the inquest though, as she come to in deep mournin', though as I said, she might as well left off the paint, and of course the werdict was nat'ral causes, though I don't think as livin' on nothin but gin for nearly three weeks is altogether nat'ral, as I told the jury. The poor man was took to the infirmary, and only lingered a fortnight, and never seemed to know nothin' nor nobody.

So I says to Brown over our tea, "If that's the end of a serious family, I think as there must be somethin' wrong about their seriousness," as made him forget hisself and say it was all trade, as I didn't hold with, for I says, "There's many as is good Christians;" and he says, "No doubt; but they makes no row over it, nor crams it down your throat for everlasting."

And I says, "That's right that is."

The COSMOPOLITAN (London), makes the following illustrated suggestion.—

As all England is lauding the "more than princely munificence" of Mr. Peabody, we propose to give all England an opportunity of duplicating Mr. Peabody's charity. Thus: If 500,000 persons will send us £1 each, we will furnish them with THE COSMOPOLITAN as voupaper for one year, and deposit £250,000 in the Bank of England to the credit of the Corporation of the City, for the benefit of the poor of London. The 500,000 subscriptions to be received within twelve months from this date, April 28th, 1866. Address

(*From the Portland Transcript.*)

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

A TRAVESTIE.

There lived in Venice famed of old for streets laid out in water,
A cringing, stony-hearted Jew, who had an only daughter.
Called Shylock was this noted Jew by reason of his pate,
For it was bald and shiny as a brass-new pewter plate.
His daughter's name was Jessica, he loved her passing well,
But whether more than "monish," 'tis hard for us to tell.
Close by there dwelt Antonio, a merchant famed and rich,
Who trafficked upon the seas in marchandise and "sich:"
He had a friend, Bassanio, with brains but "nary red,"
And he was "spoony" on a gall and much inclined to wed.
Miss Portia the damsel's name, whose dad, her choice to baffle,
Put up her fortune and her hand in a sort of modern raffle.
To win the prize Bassanio was bound to risk his all,
But when he came to count the cost, his bank account was small.
Straight to Antonio he goes to raise a little "tin"
Yet he though rich was rather short, for his ships had not got in.
Quoth the Venetian, let us hie straightway unto the Jew,—
Shylock will lend upon my bond enough for me and you.
"Three thousand ducats," quoth the Jew, "tish a large sum to lend;
You blackguards me sometimes, you know, but now you ish my friend;
Vell, I gets the monish for you, and thus shall you be bound;
Of your fair flesh, if you don't pay, you gives me 'shust' one pound."
So to the notary's forth they go, the Christian and the Jew;
They sign the bond, the cash is got to put Bassanio throughf
Straight to Miss Portia's house he goes, in "gorgi-ous" array,
Woces the fair maid, selects aright, and bears his bride away.
The three months passed, the bond came due, but ne'er in all the while
Did unfortunate Antonio succeed in "striking ile;"
He did not even *see* a ship though they'd *shipped* many *seas*;
The wind that blew bad luck to him was a *cutting* sort of breeze,
For judgment now before the Duke the several parties stand,—
Old Shylock with a pair of scales, and butcher-knife in hand,
Bassanio with his ducats, though they came a day too late,
And Antonio the merchant, nerved up to meet his fate.
The Duke he makes a pretty speech, expounding well the law,
Declares the bond is forfeit, the case without a flaw.
Bassianio makes wry faces, and calls himself a lubber;
Antonio, majestic, bids him stop his deuced blubber;
The Jew he whets his butcher-knife, to finish up his grudge,
When, enter Mistress Portia, disguised as a judge.
Balthasar, J., she represents, while to help along the "lark,"
Her waiting-maid Nerissa personifies the clerk.
The learned judge reviews the case, decides the Jew is right,
But hopes that he'll be merciful and take the cash at "sight."
"Oh, wise young judge!" old Shylock cries, "a second Daniel thou,—
Who ever saw such wisdom 'neath such a youthful brow;
I'll not have the Christian's ducats, from them he shall not part;
But as it's your decision, I prefer to take his heart."
"Take, then," the youthful judge replies, "take, then thy cruel knife,
Cut quickly out thy 'pound of flesh,' and end this cruel strife;
But if you shed one drop of blood, of Christian blood, old Jew!
By all the tribes of Israel I'll bet we'll put you through.
No blood is thine, but simply flesh, and only just a pound—
I rather think, old skinflint, that Venetian law you've found.
Now cut away, you rascal, and be sure you hit the thing,
For if you don't, I promise you your carcass soon shall swing."
"Ish that the law? if dat ish so, I tink I takes the money."
"Oh, no, you don't!" says Mistress Judge, "you're late for that, my 'honey;'
And more, for that you undertook to settle the Christian's 'hash,'
Besides your life, the law provides that you give up your cash.
One half shall be Antonio's, the merchant whom you hate,
The other half, Bassanio's, the balance to the State.
If you conclude to hang yourself, we hope that you'll not falter,
And as you're poor, the State, I'm sure will furnish you a halter."
Exit the Jew, the curtain falls, the judge resumes her flounces,
Love smiles on *all* the rest of course, as the fifth act announces.

C. W. S.

[*From the Galaxy.*]

THE HOME OF VICTOR HUGO.

To the northwest of France, hidden in the mystic vapors of the ocean, lies a fortunate archipelago The gulf stream there brings out a flora worthy of the fairest isles of the Adriatic and Mediteranean. Geologists tells us what revolution detached this Norman soil from the Norman coast, and relate how the sea, invading the immense bay which separates Cherbourg from Brest, only suffered those rocks to remain which were high and firm enough to defend themselves, as on Mount Saint Michael, against its wrath. Without need of science, the traveller easily finds the law for these convulsions of nature, and their traces. Jersey and Guernsey are only to be reached by a line of small islands and rocks, almost on a level with the water, and scattered about, some-

times near each other, sometimes parted, like links of a river chain. As the traveller draws near, valleys of gorgeous green appear—cottages, flowers and meadows. This is Jersey.

Jersey and Guernsey are, to the curious eye, two gardens which the rocks hold suspended above the sea; to the thinker they are two worlds, two microcosms. Has not each of them, like the proudest continent, its shores that look upon the whole circle of the horizon? Coasts, ports, plains, mountains and valleys, are all assembled in a space that can be visited in one day, from one end to the other. The climate is delightful, the vegetation fairy-like, the sky is a harmonious marriage of light with the sea, whose pearly hues seem to tell us the secret splendors of ocean treasure. Life there is a blissful dream.

If you advance a few steps in this fair realm of Guernsey, you will see manors that are created by Protestant emigration, its pious, ever-living souvenirs. In returning toward the city, you will see a superb walk through trees now secular, a legacy made to the city of St. Pierre by a Frenchman, in 1783. If you descend toward the sea, a large house will attract your eye, and you will see inscribed upon it the now famous name, "Hauteville House." And there, grouped round the same thought, are Liberty, Exile, and Poetry. Exile! exile! the only grief that time can never soften. If you ask me how it is endured, I will reply, through duty.

Victor Hugo's home is situated in the most lovely spot that ever landscape painter dreamed of. Placed upon a heighth, it overlooks the city, the fort, and that immense horizon of the sea where nothing seems to trammel the flight of even genius itself. The house is celebrated in Guernsey, where it excites lively curiosity. Wonders are related of it, enhanced by the mystery overhanging a threshold till now never crossed by the Guernsey world; it is said to contain furniture worthy of an enchanter's palace.

The apartments and galleries have been entirely constructed from designs by Victor Hugo; he passed three years in drawing them. The rarest curiosities, such as carved oak belonging to the middle ages and the *Renaissance*, with enamels, porcelain gathered together and arranged in the most masterly manner, mingle with Venetian and Florentine wonders. The house within—for externally it presents the frigid aspect peculiar to English houses—is a work of art, the materials of which are masterpieces also. I will describe the house, which is to reveal the master, who, indeed, reveals himself by the mottoes and devices traced upon the walls and furniture. Victor Hugo, who loves to live in the past, has a mania for antique furniture. If we now raise ruins and rebuild edifices according to the laws of their primitive construction; if we reframe inscriptions, restore statuary and *basso-relievo*, we should remember that *Notre Dame de Paris* and the *Voyage sur les bords du Rhin* helped us to do so, by giving us the rudiments of our science.

Victor Hugo's house is entered by a vestibule, the construction of which immediately arrests the eye. On the upper lintel is a *basso-relievo*, representing the principal subject of *Notre Dame de Paris*, and which is gilded and painted. The effect is charming; beauty seems to welcome you at the very entrance. The *basso-relievo* is accompanied by glass windows with embossed panes, such as are to be found in the cottages of the Black Forest. On the right and left, in carved oak, are two medalions, left by David, after Victor Hugo and his second daughter. A column in the purest style of the *Renaissance* supports this entire mass, and adds still more to the tranquil simplicity and severity which mark the entrance.

This vestibule is lighted by the softened rays which penetrate the small squares of coarse glass, forming a *chira' oscuro*, such as Rembrandt loved. In this soft light a monumental door is visible, that of the dining-room. On a panel is written, "Love and Believe." Above one of the doors and below a statuette of the Virgin, is a word that promises hospitality to the visitor: "Ave."

Let us accept our welcome, and enter the billiard-saloon, where we shall see many interesting pictures belonging to the family, with geographical charts, and the poet's designs, framed in borders of varnished fir. The strangeness of these ink designs strikes the visitor immediately. They form ten fantastic pages and are heightened with sepia and touches of gold-leaf. It is impossible to convey any idea of them. There, as in all he undertakes, Hugo is powerful. Many will remember the sales of his sketches in 1852 *(Rue de la Tour d' Auvergne)*, at the time when his furniture was also sold.

These ten designs hanging upon the wall are views of Spain, Brittainy, the Rhine, Jersey, and Guernsey. On one is written, "Burg of Hugo eagle-head," and one remembers the verses of the *Legende des Siecles*,

"He sets the cities free; he came alone,
The Hugo-eagle-head in cavern home."

The frames, equally wonderful in execution, are by the poet also. Among the pictures is the crowning of the dead Inez de Castro. Upon each frame is inscribed, "The Duke and Duchess of Orleans to Victor Hugo."

From the billiard-room, the tapestry parlor is entered. Here, as in the other rooms, the mantelpiece has been the principal object of attention—and should not the family hearth be so? Imagine a cathedral of carved oak, which, rising vigorously from the floor, springs up to the ceiling where its upper carving touches the tapestry. The doorway corresponds to the fire-place; the rosace is a convex mirror, placed above the mantle-piece; the central table is a firm entablature covered with fantastic foliage, and decorated by arches of exquisite taste, in which the Byzantine mingles with the rococo: the two towers are two counterforts which repeat all the ornamentation of the entire mass. The coping, very imposing in its effect, recalls the fronts of the houses in Antwerp and Bruges. A face appears amid the wood-work, vigorously thrown out. It is that of a bishop whose crosier alone is gilded. On each side of it is a shield with the witty motto:

"Crosier of wood, bishop of gold."
"Crosier of gold, bishop of wood."

On two scrolls, representing rolled parchment, are inscribed the names of those whom Victor Hugo looks upon as the principal poets of humanity: "Job, Isaiah, Homer, Æschylus, Lucretius, Dante, Shakespeare, and Molière." On the opposite side are the names of Moses, Socrates, Christ, Columbus, Luther, Washington."

Upon the double entablature of the chimney-piece two open statues lean: one is St. Paul reading, with the inscription on the pedestal: "The Book." The other is that of a monk in ecstacy, with raised eyes. On the pedestal is the word "Heaven."

In a room called the working-room, is another truly monumental work which, as in the tapestry parlor, mounts from floor to ceiling. It is inscribed: "*Ad augusta per angusta*," a motto borrowed from the fourth act of *Ernani*.

The walls of the dining-room are covered with magnificent delf. This is the delf of Holland in the seventeenth century. An immense mosaic represents large bunches of flowers painted with minute care, and thrown into vases of fanciful form, and odd animals, all mingled together. The groundwork is white and blue, and has an oaken foundation which forms three massive divisions, embellished with old paintings upon panels, causing the dining-room to resemble certain conventual rooms. A basiled mirror, surmounted by a sleeping child chiselled in copper, animates this apartment, lighted by two large windows opening upon the garden. Add to this a mantlepiece, such as our ancestors looked upon, and Gobelin tapestry upon the walls, on which the riches of summer are spread forth.

Vases and statuettes of porcelain and delf are everywhere. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries offer nothing more curious. A statuette, *Notre Dame de-Bon-Secours*, carrying the Child Jesus, whose little hand grasps a globe representing the world, is above the superstructure of the mantelpiece. Below it is this verse, to be found in the *Chansons des rues et des bois*:

"The people are little, but shall be great,
Within thy sacred arms, oh! mother blest,
Oh! holy Liberty, with conquering step,
The child who bears the world doth rest."

Various legends complete the aspect of the place. Here, on one side is the word "Man" in front of the word "God;" further on the plaintive words, "My Country;" again a melancholy line, "Life is exile," and near that this pious counsel:

"Inhabitant of fading lands,
Think of eternal home."

And a little healthful axiom:

"Post prandium stabis
Seu passis millemeabis. 3
Vale!"

An arm-chair of carved oak is placed against the wall at the upper end of the table. Victor Hugo looks upon it as the ancestral seat at his table. A chain closes it, bearing, among other inscriptions, the words, "The absent are there."

The simplest apartments are used by the family and the galleries spread forth all their riches to the guest. The gallery in the first story is divided into two portions. Hangings of Indian damask, of crimson hue, cover the walls of the red parlor, and serve as a frame-work to the great Norwegian tapestries, which formerly belonged to the bed-room of Queen Christina, at Fontainebleau. The panels of jet, six feet long, and five feet broad, in design and workmanship, and through the gold-work mingled with the jet, are treasures such as do not exist elsewhere.

The subjects are fanciful. Golden cocks and eagles gleam upon trees of a porphyry red, the leaves of which are thrown out upon the glittering sky. Gold, silk, velvet, glass, and spangles of silver sparkle upon a foundation of white jet. Four of these panels decorate the red parlor, two being on the walls and two upon the ceiling. We have mentioned this parlor before, but return to it. Imagine a chimney-piece with four statues gilded with Venice gold, which appear to peruse these words of Lucretius:

"Juvenum simulacra per ædes,
Lampades igniferas manibus retinentia dextris."

They support the canopy, below which is the chimney-piece, and represent negroes, with flat profiles, shaven heads, and athletic forms, with their busts scarcely covered with slight drapery, open upon the breast and fastened to the shoulders, leaving the lower limbs nude. Each is in a different attitude, and all form part of the same group. They seem to be darting forward, and obeying an order. Behind them a glass, which mounts to the ceiling, reflects them with fine effect.

In the embrasures left on each side by the projection of the general construction, two old Japanese monsters grimace and look at themselves in two mirrors with grot-work frames.

The canopy is of Chinese silk, ornamented with faces and birds.

Six pedestals with golden brocade cartouches support the statues and monsters.

A small Louis XIII. clock, representing the Samaritan woman, rests upon the slab of the mantlepiece.

Two tables, one in *Renaissance* ebony, incrusted with tin, which formerly belonged to the Duke of Orleans, the other in marquetry of the Louis XIV. style, with massive feet, are displayed here. The latter is a perfect gem. There is, beside, a marvelous screen, which looks as if it had escaped from Mme. de Pompadour's *boudoir;* a handsome china *vasque*, and a Japanese perfume stand made of bronze, which was given to Victor Hugo by Alexander Dumas, complete the furnishing of this room.

The blue parlor, which is next in order, is no less sumptuous in another order of decoration.

The gallery in the second story opens with a folding-door, and is formed of carved and chiselled cedar, a master-piece found by Victor Hugo. This gallery is called the "Oak Gallery;" it is a sort of guest chamber, in fact. Six windows, looking out upon Fort St. George, distribute the light through a perfect forest of carved oak.

Occupying double the depth taken for the parlors on the first story, the "Oak Gallery" is divided into two parts by a skillful arrangement of the furniture, and a handsome doorway with spiral columns in *Renaissance* style, painted and gilt. In the first division is the mantlepiece; in the second is seen a magnificent bed, so vast that it seems to have been built rather than put up.

The mantlepiece, which is wide, low, and massive, is enriched with the most delicate workmanship. It represents the Sacrifice of Isaac, which is placed in an oaken frame, embellished with two demi-balusters entwined. Four caryatides, two feet high, hold up this charming pediment. They represent repeatedly Sylvanus with Dryads. All the figures are crowned with flowers and fruits, and their bodies are partially concealed under a scabbelum ornamented with fine arabesques. Behind these exquisite statuettes is a large glass placed on a level with a construction in Holland delf; in the middle is a pedestal which supports a Celadon drinking opium, an exquisite face, such as would please the most fastidious antiquary. The two lateral wings are formed of very rich panels, upon which the scabbellum of the caryatides rests. It would be vain to attempt to describe the wilderness of Biblical, Pagan, and Chinese figures, in which art has blended baboons's heads with Dryads' faces.

The bed fronts the mantlepiece, the head of it resting against the wall and the feet directed toward the spectator. The canopy is formed of an assemblage of *Renaissance* panels; the head of the bed holds forward two mythological subjects, accompanied with small columns and spirals, surmounted by a bracket-pedestal in ebony, crowned by a death's head in ivory, with this inscription; "*Nox, mors, lux.*' The body of the bed has a *basso-relievo* upon the front, a curious specimen of the carvings of the Middle Ages. A *lambrequni*, embroidered in a thousand colors with silk, and a spread of tapestry, serve to garnish this gigantic bed, in which no one has ever slept, and which could only have been equalled in feudal sleeping-rooms.

A candelabra in oak, with forty candles, is placed between the two columns which divide the gallery. It was entirely executed upon designs by Victor Hugo, who modeled and carved the crowning figure in wood. It is a colossal girandole, spreading like a tiara, and bearing upon its summit a cluster of branches, to which the candles appear to attach flowers of light.

The door of entrance, seen from the interior, is as brilliant as a church window. Two spiral columns sustain a pediment of oak, with *Renaissance* grotesque, surrounded by arabesques and monsters; it advances with two folds, which are resplendent with paintings, among which are eight large figures of the martyrs, attired in gold and purple, the principal being Saint Peter. Upon the lintel is inscribed "*Surge, perge*," and near it the words of Lucan: "The conquerors have the gods, with the conquered Cato remains." There are maxims besides: "*Gloria Victis—Væ nemini.*"

"Mine breatheth where it listeth,
Honor goes where duty calls,"

and below a clock, which sounds a merry chime as the hours go by:

"All leave their trace upon the frame and mind;
All wound, alas! the last one healeth."

Isolated by their situation in the midst of the sea, the inhabitants of Guernsey are sailors, and seek their life and its relations without. Each house bears an indispensable signal-mast, and has a "look-out." As soon as a ship appears, the *oriflammes* of the port signal it, and on the instant signals repeated from house to house tell of the departure or return, throughout the island.

Victor Hugo has chosen the look-out at Hauteville House for his own room. It is a little belvedera, open in all directions, where the soul can expand, though the space is as limited for the body as a captain's cabin. There stands the poet's table, his paper upon it, with ink and pen. It contains an iron bed, as hard as a soldier's couch.

The garden is but a half-acre of flowers and lawn, and contains a pretty bit of water, surrounded by a grassy margin; two honest ducks perform the part of swans as well as they can, near a terra-cotta fountain, at the base of which are dolphins' heads, throwing miniature cascades into the air. On lifting the ivy around the fountain, I found on one side the inscription: "Where hope is, there is peace." On the other side, this verse from the "Contemplations:'

"Immensity is being, eternity the soul.',

The poet sits in the garden, and looks—toward France!

Miss Warner, author of "The Wide, Wide World," has written a story for the young, entitled, "The Three Little Spades," which is to appear serially in HARPER'S WEEKLY.

CARLYLE IN EDINBURGH.

[The following account of the installation of Carlyle as Lord Rector of the Edinburgh University is taken from one of Mr. M D. Conway's letters to the Boston COMMONWEALTH.]

EDINBURGH, April 4th.

It is impossible to look into the eye and listen to the voice of Thomas Carlyle, when he is giving utterance to his thoughts, and not feel that you are in the presence of a great man, and under the influence of a good man. It was worth coming across the Atlantic to hear him, on Monday night, speak his inaugural at Music Hall, on being installed as Lord Rector of Edinburgh University. His views about slavery and other matters seemed to me, as I felt the substantial humanity of the man, to be only a part of that ill-health which sometimes, as he declared, must follow, if one adheres to his task; nor have there been wanting signs of late that he has been following the advice he gave the students, and getting out of it as fast as possible. It was Carlyle's chief objection to accepting the office of Lord Rector that he would have to make this address. He has not spoken in public since he delivered the series on "Heroes and Hero Worship," in the little Marylebone Institute, on Edwards street, in London. On that occasion, as I have been told by one who was present, he went on the first evening with a manuscript; but this he found embarrassing, and soon abandoned it. On the second evening he took some notes and headings; but these also tripped him; so thereafter he went without paper or note of any kind. On this occasion at Edinburgh he also spoke entirely without notes. But, before going on with that, I should describe somewhat the scenes amidst which it was delivered. The city, unfortunately, has but one decent hall, and even that can only seat 2,000 people, whereas over 4,000 had applied for tickets. The address was given at 2½ p. m. By 12 the students began to assemble at the door; the crowd gathered until it stretched almost across the wide street. When the door was opened the rush and fight for places was tremendous. After about an hour of crowding and struggling and terrible noises the crowd got in and seated. They then began to throw peas at each other; an amusement which was diversified by whistling popular airs in unison, and tramping to keep time. At last the procession of professors and city magnates began to enter. At all the universities here the students have a way of seizing every such occasion to award cheers to every popular, and groans to every unpopular personage who comes on the platform. Tennyson said that at Oxford he realized how the ancient Christians felt when thrown to wild beasts. On this occasion there were terrible groanings and most stentorian cheers for each, but when Mr. Carlyle himself, along with the venerable provost of the city, William Chambers, and the Vice Chancellor, and Huxley, Tyndall, Rae, Playfair, Tate, Blackie, Masson, Erskine, and others, made his appearance, the cheers with which he was greeted, in repeated long surges, were calculated to amuse one who remembered those old denunciations of "tremendous cheers." Carlyle seemed indeed rather astounded, and I am sure was asking himself, "Have I done anything wrong that I am receiving these plaudits?" He stood for a while, as if in wonder; and he was a royal-looking man. He had on the University's Lord Rector's robes, with deep and wide sleeves of rich crimson velvet, and it was amazing how he became them. Above them was the face, full of grim humor and of silent force, of the nineteenth century John Knox. It was an impressive scene. Scotland's leading University crowning Scotland's greatest living son! The youth of nineteen, who, with flaming eye and words full of feeling, presented to the Vice Chancellor, as the elect of his fellow students, "the greatest living Scotchman," who, over fifty years before, had left their halls, seemed to touch Carlyle with every word, and he arose and bowed solemnly and low to the young man. He then threw off the fine robes which were put on him to be spoken, with a gravity which sent the ripple of a smile around, and coming forward began the wonderful address.

I have sent you the SCOTSMAN, containing this address, and it is a singularly accurate report; but I have never listened to an address of which so much was lost by being put upon paper. You will see the good hits, the wise sayings, the reporter's notes of "applause and laughter," but you cannot get the eloquent blood flaming up the man's cheek, the depth of feeling in his kindled eye, the impressive tenderness of his voice, and the drolleries which came out! Without the least action of arm, or hand, or body, standing motionless, there was a whole dramatic company represented in his tones and the expressions of his face. His humor played along every lineament of his face, like sheet lightning, then gathered itself anon into bolts and struck around us with great crashes.

The prevailing tone of the address was, however, that of despair. It is clear that Carlyle thinks that nothing whatever can be got out of this age, albeit he finds comfort that the sky is still bending, the stars shining over it. I suppose that those who heard him repeat the lyric from Goethe at the conclusion, a performance which, for thrilling power, surpassed anything I have ever heard, will never be at a loss to know amid what disparagements and doubts and phantoms this man has pursued his steady way; and none such will try to measure his great fidelity and his perfect devotion by his faults.

When the address was over there was a complete ovation. The audience had gradually been enchanted out of its disposition to applaud, and the silence of attention had become intense; but when it was over the shouts rang out over the city in great waves; the crowd pursued Carlyle down the steps with hurrahs, and along the street without, there being, indeed, almost a mob. Carlyle was somewhat nervous at this; but I only heard him say, "Poor fellows!"

M. D. C.

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PRICE, $5.00 A YEAR.—10 CENTS A NUMBER.

OFFICE, 9 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK

POST-OFFICE ADDRESS BOX 3130

NB.—All subscriptions and advertisements payable in advance.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1866.

The offices of the SATURDAY PRESS *have been removed from No. 64 Nassau Street to No. 9 Spruce Street, one door below the* TRIBUNE *Buildings.*

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The anxiously expected volume of George Arnold's poems will be published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields in about a fortnight. There has been some delay on account of the portrait. This, however, is now completed, and is one of the most perfect likenesses we have ever seen. It possesses great merit, also, as a work of art. The engraver is Mr. H. W. Smith, of this city. We have a proof impression of the portrait, and it recalls our dear friend to us almost as vividly as the fine oil painting of him by Gerhard, now on exhibition at the Academy.

Private Miles O'Reilly, alias Col. Halpine, is said to be writing the Prison-life of Jeff. Davis. He seems to be anxious, also, to write the obituary of the SATURDAY PRESS; but, unfortunately, we are not obliging enough to give him the chance.

The theatrical critic of the TIMES, in his notice of "It is Never too Late to Mend." now attracting so much attention at Wallack's, sums up the author's dramatic abilities thus:—

As a dramatist, Mr. Reade has always been considered to the worst advantage. He knows but little about the conduct of a plot, and is lead away easily by a rhetorical situation. These facts were discovered many years ago by every one except Mr. Reade, who was concerned too much with his animosity against critics to pay much attention to what they said. Nevertheless, he accepted the narrative form as the one best adapted to his powers. We need not speak of the many charming romances which he has since written—the earlier ones derived from plays, which as plays were unsuccessful. The merited popularity which he has thus attained, has induced him to reverse the process, and to produce now a play from a story. But the faults we have referred to are conspicuous in the effort. What would be good narrative in a tale, becomes bad dialogue in a play; and the vehement elaboration which we accept with delight in the one, leads to an anti-climax in the other. The action is tardy; so sluggish, indeed, that no one is carried onward by it; the points of concentration, on the other hand, are numerous. The author is always prepared to "spread himself," and whilst engaged in that personally agreeable business, loses all thought of the consequences. Any one act of this drama could be played separately, or the acts changed without compromising the author. It will be seen, therefore, that although it has its defects as a continuous entertainment, it has also its merits as a literary production. Mr. Reade cannot be dull. Whenever there is danger of being so, he lashes himself into a rage, and belches defiance at every one. He is more of an iconoclast than a reformer, and would rather punch the head of his fellow-man than touch its heart. Not caring much about what is wrong in the world, he picks up with the strangest topics for his humanitarian brass knuckles. He wrote a novel expressly to expose the elephant, and to show that that hitherto respectable animal was an impostor; a vile and intolerable humbug; a creature who was a disgrace to the zoological world; a dull, venomous, ignorant, beastial brute. In the "Eighth Commandment" he demonstrated all the same things concerning his literary and critical *confrere*. In "Very Hard Cash" he exposed to the lurid light of his imagination the evils of the private mad-house system, and so on to "It is Never too Late to Mend," where he "pitches in" to the penitentiary system of England—with what truthfulness we know not, but with a vehemence which is interesting. Why he should have contrasted it with the British Colonial system, which appears to be kindly—unless to induce a higher order of crime—we know not. But as we have remarked before, Mr. Reade is an iconoclast, not a reformer. He does not care about a new system but he is determined not to have the old one. By smashing everything into small pieces he provides the gorgeous material for his kaleidoscopic romances, and that suffices. He lays aside his pen after a thousand hours of labor, with a profound sense of its usefulness; and the reader throws down the volume with a mingled sense of its beauties, its billingsgate and its buncomb. Very few men can write such trenchant English

A clergyman of the appropriate name of Stryker preached a sermon at the Dutch Reformed Church, 34th street, last Sunday evening, on "manly courage."

It would seem by the following paragraph from the Boston TRANSCRIPT that the authorities of Harvard College possess among other powers that of regulating the press:—

The bright and promising paper, started a short time since by the undergraduates of Harvard, called the COLLEGIAN, came suddenly to an end. The "authorities" ordered its discontinuance, for reasons no doubt entirely satisfactory to them. That those reasons were not equally satisfactory to, and were regarded by the students as a denial of rights, is manifest by the appearance of THE ADVOCATE, which is the COLLEGIAN in all but the name. Without understanding the merits of the controversy between the Faculty and their pupils, we can only say that this first number of the new journal is good-tempered and manly in its tone, and filled with matter of varied interest. It looks so well and reads so well that we trust it may survive and flourish. A little practice in journalism will be no detriment even to those who are supposed to be spending their early years in the seclusion of the Academic grove, communing with the past, as a preparation for engaging, at their maturity, with the living present.

We wish the ADVOCATE every success, and respectfully solicit an exchange.

At the late anniversary of the Young Men's Christian Association, the Rev. Stephen. Tyng, Jr., preached a sermon in the course of which, according to the report in one of the dailies, he suggested that the Association should establish a fraternity room in every ward in the city, which should be supplied with gymnasiums, bowling alleys, facilities for chess, dominoes, &c., with which to attract young men who might otherwise be drawn to the paths of vice.

Count Gurowski has left an immense mass of manuscripts, from which a collection will probably be made and published in the interest of his surviving daughter.

Mr. Wilkie Collins's story of "Armadale" is to be completed in the June number of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE, and in the July number of HARPER'S MONTHLY.

Dickens is giving another series of readings in London. The TELEGRAPH of April 11th says:—

Last night Mr. Dickens read for the first time in London that charming story of "Doctor Marigold," which formed the introduction to the last Christmas number of "All the Year Round." The breathless attention with which every incident in the narrative was followed, the strong feeling of reality which was produced, the vivid impression of each personage described in the printed page coming forth into positive existence, forcibly attested the marvellous dramatic power of the reciter. The pathetic scene with "Little Sophy," the struggle between the wish to conceal and the inability to repress the emotions as the child, death-smitten with fever, expires in the father's arms as he is uttering the laugh-creating jokes of his craft, went thoroughly home to the hearts of the auditors, and might be cited as a marked proof of the real histrionic genius possessed by the gifted novelist. The giant with a great deal too much in him for his joints and his mind must have been visibly present to all within hearing of that voice which so completely realized a notion of his prominent peculiarities, and the poor deaf and dumb girl, bought by the warm-hearted "Doctor Marigold" for a dozen pair of braces, and educated by him with so much thoughtful care and tender affection as his adopted daughter, became a delightful reality which no auditor would have dared to disprove while under the influence of such potent illusion. In this double capacity of author and interpreter, Mr. Dickens exercised a triumphant sway over the feelings of his audience. "Mr Bob Sawyer's Party," from "Pickwick," was given as the second portion of the readings, and formed a substantial addition to the enjoyment of the evening. On Tuesday week Mr. Dickens will repeat "Dr. Marigold," and add the famous trial from the pages of "Pickwick."

Mr. C. H. Webb, the founder and editor of THE CALIFORNIAN (the best weekly paper in the country, present company excepted), is now in this city, stopping at the Metropolitan Hotel. He looks about ten years younger than when he left us, three years ago, and a hundred years richer.

The Trenton (N. J.) GAZETTE of last week indulges its readers with a column or so of literary gossip, from which we extract the following:—

"A rumor comes to us from New York—which we hope is only a rumor—that Clapp's SATURDAY PRESS is about to suspend publication. Should this prove true the public will not part without regret from what was, and still might be, the liveliest of all the New York weeklies. It started out as the acknowledged oracle of Bohemianism (we use the term in no disrespectful sense) of the metropolis. For the first few months it fairly coruscated with scintillations of wit, and under its droll humor there were often found the richest and freshest mines of thought. Of late, however, it has sadly fallen off in interest and brilliancy, and it promises to die, if die it must, purely of *vis inertiæ*—it occupying a position in which there is no such thing as rivalry."

It is news to us that the SATURDAY PRESS "started out as the acknowledged oracle of Bohemianism:" and it is also news to us that the SATURDAY PRESS "is about to suspend publication:" but these Jerseymen always know more than anybody else, and it is for this reason, we presume, that the above article was eagerly seized upon and copied by the New York CITIZEN. To attribute a worse reason would be ungenerous.

The ATLANTIC MONTHLY and OUR YOUNG FOLKS for June are published to-day, and may be found at all the news agencies, from Brentano's down. The ATLANTIC contains the following articles:—"Quicksands," by Mrs. C. A. Hopkinson; "In the Hemlocks," by John Burroughs; the third and concluding paper, by Miss Kate Fields, on "The Last Days of Walter Savage Landor;" a poem by Whittier, entitled "The Dead Ship of Harpswell;" Donald Mitchell's "Doctor Johns;" "Tied to a Rope," by Charles J. Sprague; "Giotto's Tower," a sonnet, by Longfellow; the sixth number of "Passages from Hawthorn's Note Books;" "The Mountain," a poem, by E. C. Stedman, ; No. VI. of Mrs. Stowe's Chimney Corner for 1866; a sketch of Dr. Gamaliel Baily, entitled "A Pioneer Editor;" the continuation of Charles Reade's "Griffith Gaunt;" and a paper entitled "Bad Symptoms," by Edward Spencer.—OUR YOUNG FOLKS contains articles by Whittier, Mrs. Stowe, Rose Terry, Kate Putnam, J. T. Trowbridge, Susan E. Dickinson, Mrs. Edward A. Walker, Margaret T. Canby, and the author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood."

An Exchange says that the Fenian Navy has not yet been provided with a tug of war.

The New York Circus people advertise Robinson as the "effulgent centre of the equestrian sodiac," and describe Madame de Berg as an artist "whose splendid effusing feats of equitation are received with vociferous admiration."

Artemus Ward is to sail for Liverpool on the second of June. Mr. E. H. House goes in the same steamer.

The ROUND TABLE, we infer from a paragraph in one of its recent editorials, is about to give up the ghost. The conductors intimate (most ungratefully as it seems to us) that the person who furnished them with the means to re-establish their paper, had "more money than brains." So goes the world.

Major Edward Robinson, the newly appointed consul to Strasburg, sails from this port to-day, in the steamer New York. We venture to predict that the Major will become one of the most popular consuls in Europe. The most remarkable fact about his appointment is that the government should have sent to any European city a consul speaking any language but the English. Major Robinson is accomplished in several languages, and has also the advantage of extensive travel.

On the sixth page of this week's PRESS will be found a brief but interesting disquisition on the Early History of Printing in America.

As nobody seems to know anything about the new and ridiculous Liquor law which is the subject of so much discussion just now, we reprint it textually in another column, from the official copy.

Somebody, we don't know who, writes about insects thus:—Insects must generally lead a jovial life. Think what it must be to lodge in a lily. Imagine a palace of ivory or pearl, with pillars of silver and capitals of gold, all exhaling such a perfume as never rose from human censors. Fancy again, the fun of tucking yourself up for the night in the folds of a rose, rocked to sleep by the gentle sighs of the summer air, and nothing to do when you wake up but to wash yourself in a dewdrop and fall to eating your bedclothes.

In Edinburgh Carlyle was offered the degree of LL.D., but he declined the honor, laughing it off, in fact, in a letter, with such excuses as that he had a brother, a Dr. Carlyle, an M.D., and known in literature as a translator of Dante, and that if two Dr. Carlyles should appear at Paradise, mistakes might arise. A critic advised the historian to accept, saying, "It might, however, be useful, Carlyle, if you are going in another direction."

A writer, signing himself "HARRY HAREWOOD LEACH," sends to the HOME JOURNAL a letter about Tennyson, from which we make the following extract:

He (Tennyson) is, perhaps, five feet nine inches in height, but he stoops much as he walks and thus looks shorter. He does not seem to be above fifty years of age, yet his gait is feeble, and the wearing of glasses adds to the impression of his being older. His dress is extremely old-fashioned—indeed he looked more like an old picture stepping out of a frame than a gentleman of the nineteenth century. His coat, short in the waist, was of a sort of fancy-woolsey material, of a gray mixed color, and fitted him very tight; vest and trousers of the same material. Around his ample shirt-collar a black cravat was loosely tied. But nothing could detract from the power of his massive forehead, high and broad, and nothing could be more picturesque than the long black hair, fine as silk (but plentifully mixed with gray), which fell over his fine head down even to his shoulders. His eyes are dark gray, I think, and have the peculiar appearance about the lids common to all students, and especially night-readers, which is very clearly perceived and defined in photographs of the poet. His mouth is constantly smiling, but his eyes seem to be absent while he is speaking, searching everywhere for something that is not present—that strange speculative look that is not easy to convey by description, and must be comprehended rather than clearly defined. His voice is rich and sonorous, but he chooses his words slowly, and, I should think by this, betrays that in his composition, he is equally careful and slow. A sort of dreamy, ruminating voice, that has spoken, yet is far beyond the voice in thought.

The SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN says that "garters with diamond buckles are worn with the new hoops in Paris." A bright idea.

Gen. Dix, the Rev. Dr. Bellows, and E. D. Morgan, Esq., publish the following testimony in favor of Townsend's "Encyclopædia' of the Great Rebellion:"—

"Having been familiar with the nature and objects of Mr. Thom. S. Townsend's great work, entitled 'The Encyclopædia of the Great Rebellion,' based upon its accompanying 'Rebellion Record,' now comprising over 50,000 pages of printed matter, at Mr. Townsend's request we take pleasure in making public our appreciation of the work, and especially in calling the attention of authors and publishers of works of a historical or statistical character relating to the rebellion, to the importance of sending to Mr. Townsend for insertion, duplicate copies, in sheets or otherwise, of all such publications. By insertion in Mr. Townsend's work, which is like a grand repository, and incapable of publication or reproduction, the results of their labors are reserved and tabulated in connection with all which his industry has gathered together; and when completed there will be afforded for the future reference of all authors what we consider will be the only complete statistical and documentary record of the rebellion, its origin and consequences, and which must eventually be of prime necessity in the preparation of any clear and complete history of the war. Mr. Townsend's address is No. 7 Washington-place, New York, where, we are permitted to say, all persons interested are invited to forward any material suitable for insertion in his work."

Carleton will shortly publish a collection of the humorous sayings of our correspondent Josh Billings. Some thousands of copies of the book have been ordered in advance.

Theodore Tilton was recently requested to furnish a sketch of his life for *The Phrenological Journal*. He replied as follows:

"Mr. S. R. Wells.

"MY DEAR SIR—In answer to your request for my biography, I have only to say, that I was born in New York city, October 2, 1835; that I have as yet done nothing worth mentioning; and that I cannot tell when I shall die. This is the whole story.

"Yours, truly, THEODORE TILTON."

A new literary paper has been started in Richmond, under the title of THE SOUTHERN PORTFOLIO. The RICHMOND ENQUIRER, in noticing the first number, says:

"We hail with pleasure the inception of every literary enterprise which is calculated to wean the people from the flashy Northern periodicals, from which many of them have so long derived their mental pabulum, and wish the new enterprise every success."

This is the old story which the decent portion of the Southern Press ought to be ashamed of.

(*For the Saturday Press.*)

THE FLANEUR.

VIII.

'Que sais-je?'

What do I know? asks Montaigne; not that Montaigne did not know anything, or thought that he did not, but this is his formula for the expression of the philosophy of doubt. And it is a good one.

This philosophy is the truthful expression of modesty and honesty. Fontenelle says somewhere, "I am frightened at the certainty I find all around me" (*Je suis effrayé de la certitude que je vois partout*), and well he might have been; but what sensations would he have felt had he lived in America, and read the countless swarm of daily papers, or listened to the bold contradictory assertions of every other man he met.

To be sure, the spark of truth has been elicited from the clash of various opinions, as fire results from the shock of flint and steel. This favorite simile has a certain merit of similitude, but yet the position of the tinder is none the more desirable, and, for my part, I much prefer the process of kindling my flame by concentrating to a focus the sun's rays.

It is frightful to find how universal is the tendency to assert opinions formed upon wholly insufficient grounds. There is great need of some work upon testimony. I remember once hearing Dr. Walker say in a sermon that the man who could make a syllogism was the man of an age, and he who could make a corollary from two syllogisms was the man of an era.

Napoleon, it is somewhere stated, had the habit of not opening his letters until they had been received a week, because, as he said, by that time the majority of them had answered themselves. Aaron Burr had a rule of conduct devised in the same spirit: "Never do to-day what can be put off until to-morrow, and never put off until to-morrow what can be done to-day."

Half the energy of men is like that of flies in the sun, noisy and aimless, a mere buzzing and disturbing the quiet of things. I have met people, and very many of them, who thought it a necessary duty to have an opinion upon every subject, and would ask you boldly for yours, and seem to feel aggrieved if you did not have one on your tongue's end.

They were never at a loss in what they call "making up their mind," as though a man's mind could be wound up like a watch.

Half of what we call education is an attempt to set youth afloat upon the stream of life with a well assorted cargo of correct opinions, and the consequence is that it takes a thoughtful man the remaining forty years of life to unpack and throw away the opinions stored in him before he was twenty. Ask the great majority of men for a sample of what they are laden with, and you will have assertions offered you on every hand, but where will you go to find knowledge?

How seldom do you find a man whose statement can be received implicitly? I do not mean in matters of personal veracity, but in matters of fact.

Now it is very generally supposed and asserted that to doubt implies a sort of vacuity of mind, which it is better to have filled with positive opinions of almost any description than to leave empty. But the truth is, that the most fruitful source of thought is doubt.

In my library I would have the supports of my mantle-shelf two sphinxes, and hanging over the mantle a fine copy of Durer's print, called "Melancholy," typifying thus the early civilization questioning nature, and the later and last result of human life,

"—— that thought profound,
Which seeks the endless mystery to expound."

Over the cases containing the majority of such works of the metaphysicians, philosophers, and historians as it is necessary to have for reminders of what men have thought and done, I should place a large stuffed owl, with a preternatural expression of wisdom upon his silly countenance.

But over the case, and it would not be a large one which contained the works of those great men who, receiving nothing upon hearsay, sought truth through doubting, I should place a bust of him, the greatest of them all who thus discovered and described the road that leads to it.

Americans have a reputation as being so assertive of themselves and their country as to become almost boastful. There is some ground for the accusation. No one can deny it. There is a sort of tradition that it is patriotic to assert the glories of one's country.

To be sure, it would be more so to be as earnest in attempting to make one's country glorious as men are now in asserting that it is so.

But the shortcoming is almost universal. We are more struck with it in others than in our own countrymen. Yet what more common than to find a dweller in Peoria comparing New York with his Western or Southern village?

A friend of mine once told me of the delight with which he listened to a French guide to the field of Waterloo. The man was so earnest and certain of the fact, that he almost persuaded him that Waterloo was a great French victory. If he had, such a belief would have squared very well with many of the assertions of history.

THE FLANEUR.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

BY FIGARO.

I don't know whether the cholera is catching or not, Mr. Editor, but I know that enthusiasm is, for I caught it bad myself the other night at Niblo's, and doubt whether even Dr. Quackenboss could cure me.

I haven't had it so bad, that I remember, since I went to the Broadway the first night that Charles Kean played Louis XI there.

This time I caught it at the instance of Mr. Charles Dillon, on seeing his performance of Belphegor.

Robert Heller sat on one side of me, and Charles Shanly on the other, and they caught it too—like all the other old stagers in the house.

For my own part, I confess I was one of those who "went to scoff and remained to pray:" for I had had "Dillon and Belphegor" "Belphegor and Dillon," "Dillon and Belphegor," dinned into my ears so often, that I began to think the whole thing a humbug.

It was just the same with Charles Kean and Louis XI.

You see, when a man gets to be a hundred years old, more or less, he becomes suspicious of all this talk and puts himself on his defence against it: he has a sort of pride, perhaps, in proving that "old birds can't be caught with chaff."

Possibly they can't, but that's a matter I'll discuss some other time.

For the present let's discuss Dillon.

Well then, when he first came upon the stage, the other night, I didn't like him at all: his manner appeared to be forced, his pronunciation affected (after the English style) and all his movements "of the stage, stagey."

Still I joined in the hearty reception given to him, and then threw myself back on my dignity determined for the rest of the evening to be "nothing if not critical."

I wasn't going to be affected by the atmosphere about me—no, not I.

How did I know but the house was bought up with "British gold?"

Moreover it is so vulgar to go with the stream!

So during Dillon's first few scenes I remained unmoved even by the applause of Heller and Shanly.

But now for my confession.

Little by little, as Dillon went on depicting the character of Belphegor, addressing himself to his work with artistic care and earnestness, giving little touches here and there which betrayed unmistakably the hand of a master, and never for a moment heeding either the silence or the applause of the audience, I found myself becoming "possessed," as it were, by the man, and when the curtain fell on the first act, gave myself up to the spirit of the hour, and hurrahed as long and loud as anybody.

Away went all my *nil admirari* theories at once, and as I went out for a while to "see a man," I was disposed to take everybody by the hand, and have a general exchange of congratulations.

I can't write in detail about the performance, however, till I have see it again and my enthusiasm has had time to cool down a little.

Suffice it for the present to say that I have seen nothing so superb since Charles Kean's Louis XI., which, as you know, I consider the finest piece of acting known to the stage.

And, by the way, another superb piece of acting in "Belphegor" is Mr. George Beck's Fanfonarade, a harlequin part which he plays—as, for that matter, he plays nearly everything—with a degree of finish that scarcely any other actor that I know of can approach.

The only other part of importance in the piece is Madeline—the poor tempted wife of Belphegor—who is represented with much depth of feeling by Miss Ida Vernon.

However, more about all this next week—and especially about Dillon, who is to remain at Niblo's for a fortnight or so, and whom I am anxious now to see in some of his Shakespearean parts.

The other theatres offer nothing this week to hang so much as a joke upon.

Charles Reade's "Never too Late to Mend," is still drawing immense houses at Wallack's (chiefly, as I think, owing to the truly magnificent scenery,) and will be continued to the end of the regular season.

At the Olympic, "The Three Guardsmen" will be played for the last time to-night, and on Monday we are to have a new adaptation of Dickens' "David Copperfield."

On account of the illness of Mrs. Wood, her benefit, which was to have taken place last night, and would have been a regular festival, is postponed to next Friday evening.

At the Museum an engagement has been made with Mr. C. C. Howard, who will appear in her original character of Topsey, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

In musical matters, I have simply to announce a Matinée at the Academy to-day, when the whole of "Ernani," and the third act of "Faust" will be given: a complimentary concert to Mr. C. Busch at Irving Hall, this evening: and, at the same place, on Wednesday evening, a concert for the benefit of the orphans of Charleston, S. C.

Mr. Busch is a well known musical agent, who has been an invalid for a long time, and the concert to be given for his benefit, this evening, will be one of the most select of the season. Among the artists who have volunteered on the occasion, are Miss Fanny Stockton, Miss Zelda Harrison, Signor Ardavani, and Messrs. S. B. Mills, Robert Heller, Theo. Thomas, G. W. Morgan, and G. W. Colby.

Figaro.

[*From the Boudoir.*]

SPURIOUS PICTURES.

It is a singular, and not to us very creditable fact, that foreign art is more popular in this country than native art. We have American-born artists who are in every respect the equals of those of Europe; nor can we import better works from abroad than we can purchase in American studios. But these facts are acknowledged only in a half-hearted way, and we still pay a kind of traditionary homage to the supposed superiority of European art. At the same time we are taking the best means in our power to keep American art in subjection to that of the old world. We send our native artists to Paris, or Rome, or Munich, or Düsseldorf, to have their nationality and individuality polished off and supplanted by foreign characteristics, which they can never wear with natural ease. They soon become un-Americanized under foreign influences, and identified with the schools of Italy, France, or Germany, where they study the principles of their art and with whose spirit they become imbued.

At home we encourage this evil by largely patronizing foreign art at the expense of our own. There are now at least five times as many foreign as there are native paintings in this country. Almost every American who returns from an European tour brings with him some artistic souvenir of his wanderings in Rome, Florence, Berlin and Paris. There would be no objection to this; there would indeed be a positive advantage in it, were the selection ordinarily made with taste and judgment. It is a good thing to have here a large number of fine specimens of foreign art. What we object to is that pictures are purchased abroad without taste or judgment, and that the parlors of our citizens are too often disfigured with foreign trash to the exclusion of meritorious pictures by American artists. Innumerable instances of this folly might be pointed out, but they will occur to every one.

The supply of this American demand has now become an immense trade in Europe. In Belgium alone there are more than three thousand "artists," who live by making copies for the American and English markets (for the English are afflicted with the same mania), and who turn out every year thousands upon thousands of wretched caricatures of celebrated paintings, which find their way into this country. We wish it were possible to expose so effectually this picture-swindling business that not another importation of the kind should ever be made. The poor devils who manufacture "old masters" and "new masters," who make landscapes and historical pictures by the hundred and christen them with great names, have no claim whatever to the name of "artist." Their work is done with as little feeling as a common house painter has in daubing a barn. The curious landscapes that amuse the passengers in our stages and city cars are specimens of "high art" in comparison with much of their work. Hired by the week, month, or year, by the large dealers, they grind out their pictures as mechanically as a Japanese turns the crank of his praying-mill. In keeping with the workmanship are the materials used. The canvases are poor and ill-stretched, and the colors of the cheapest and coarsest kind.

But this is not all. As so large a number of "artists" could not by any means obtain access to the great picture galleries for the purpose of copying, each master dealer has copies, more or less bad, of the most popular pictures in the public and private galleries of Europe; and on these his employés make their travesties, at the same time taking the liberty of introducing as many variations as they like into their copies, to relieve the dry monotony of the task. These worthless—worse than worthless, because corrupting—caricatures are sent over here to the United States by the thousand, every year, and are bought up with eagerness as genuine specimens of European art. Large quantities come from Florence, Rome and Paris, but the majority are from Belgium, where labor and living are both very cheap. From one to three francs per day is there regarded as liberal wages for men and women who manufacture "Raffaelles" and "Correggios" by the wholesale.

If any one feels inclined to question the correctness of these statements, let him visit some of the picture sales that take place here so frequently.

The importations from the picture shops of Belgium, for the most part, find their way into the interior cities and the South, where there is less opportunity than in Boston and New York to become critical in matters of art. Not long since we attended a picture sale in R——r, a thriving city in the interior of this State, and witnessed with mingled emotions of regret and amusement the eagerness and satisfaction with which the most wretched daubs were bid of by the wealthy provincials. The most curious thing about it was that the unhappy people actually supposed they were buying original pictures of Raffaelle, Domenichino, Correggio, Rubens, Vandyck, Rembrandt, Claude, Salvator Rosa, and others of great name! A gentle hint, given with the best intentions in the world, that the pictures were modern copies, was triumphantly refuted by a reference to the printed labels in the frames, setting forth the subject, the artist's name, and the very year in which the picture was painted. One of the most considerable pictures bought at this sale was a large landscape with figures, by Rubens, the price of which was $25 with the frame, without the frame—$10! The purchaser took it away with the air of a man who had bought an amazingly cheap picture; and it was cheap. As Butler (not Ben) says:

> "Doubtless the pleasure is as great
> In being cheated as to cheat."

The gentleman hung the outrageous daub in his "front parlor," and took great pride in showing it off to his visitors. The ignorant admired it with him, and the better informed were always too kind-hearted to disturb his bliss.

[*From the Round Table.*]

CONCERNING EGGS.

Of eggs I sing: though classic pendants may
  Curl their Greek lips, contemptuous, at my proem,
What, than a theme suggested by a lay
  Could meaner be for an impromptu poem?
Enterpe's self drew music from a shell,
  But on no muse I contemplate encroaching;
Eggs may be served up daintily and well
  Without resorting to Parnassian poaching.

Much do we owe the tribute of the hen;
  Set perpendicular its broader pole on
It nonplussed Spain's effete hidalgos, when
  The purblind period scoffed the prescient Colon.
An egg foreshowed what enterprise might do;
  The cracked ellipsoid proved a glorious token:
Reader, where now might I have been or you
  Had that egg's promise, like itself, been broken

"Enough of this," exclaims some surly wight;
  "Truce to your puns, far-fetched, to say the best of 'em."
Well, if you think so, critic impolite,
  I'll cease to hatch them out, though I've a nest of 'em.
Humor abscond! Curt metaphor avaunt!
  Such frothy wastes no solid joys secure us;
The mere sc affler of Fancy's restaurant
  Satisfy not the sons of Epicurus.

Eggs need nor tropes nor puns to give them zest,
  The disks of gold with gelid pearl surrounded
Served on spring-buttered toast—that way they're best—
  Or in the oval cells where they're impounded,
Might in a vestal's palate wake a thrill,
  Or set atap an anchorite's gastric fluid;
Or, were the mystic groves Faith's temples still,
  Charm from his mistletoe the sylvan Druid.

And then the rich, herb-flavored omelet,
  Seasoned with skill and deftly salamandered—
'Twould make a "gay Lothario" forget
  The loveliest dame with whom he e'er philandered.
Fried eggs no true philosopher would shun
  (Dish them with care, the yolks break if you twist 'em);
Inducted with thin rashers, crisply done,
  They well illustrate the "Baconian system."

"Another pun, a vile one!"—in my ear
  Hisses, methinks, the angry, outraged reader.
I sit corrected. Of dull jokes 'tis clear
  My leaden brain is a prolific breeder.
My Pegasus is one of humor's hacks
  That won't curvet in spite of vigorous prodding—
A mill-horse brute, scarce fit to carry Saxe,*
  Through dreary slashes of mere clap-trap plodding.

I've seen *athletæ*, dancing among eggs,
  Enchant with lively leaps a thousand gapers;
Would that my verse's feet, like their lithe legs,
  Could charm the crowd with their ovarian capers.
Then in these measures glassed you should behold
  Egg-flip foam-crowned, like waves when winds have blustered,
Mulled wine, rich beverage of creaming gold,
  Whips (for the stomach, not the back) and custard.

Nor these alone—the appetizing theme
  I'll follow up through all its rare gradations;
With ovate luxuries every line should teem—
  Rich solids flanked with delicate potations.
But wayward Fancy falters at her task,
  The luscious items in my brain confusing,
So here I close, and, closing, pardon ask
  For rhymes more egotistic than amusing.

JOSEPH BARBER.

* *Erratum*—For Saxe read sacks.

A Curiosity for the Ladies.

There is on exhibition at the salesroom of Messrs. WHEELER & WILSON, No. 625 Broadway, the first Sewing Machine (No. 1) made by that Company, the present number being 220,000. Let the interested compare the machine sold in 1851 for $125 with those now offered for $55. The former owner of this machine gives its history as follows:

This machine was finished early in 1851, and I learned its use from Mr. Wilson himself. I was thus, you see, the first to work the Wheeler & Wilson machine, and learned on the first machine they ever manufactured.

In 1854 I earned with the machine $295, besides doing my own housework and taking care of my baby. In 1856 we came to Davenport, and brought the machine with us. I believe it is the first machine ever brought to Iowa.

I run that machine almost constantly for more than fourteen years, on all sorts of work, from the finest dressmaking to the heaviest tailoring. I quilted a full-sized white bed-spread with it, which has been exhibited three times at the Fair. It took me three weeks to do it with my other work; but it could not have been done by hand in as many years. I have even stitched leather with it, and at the time I exchanged it, (in 1865), for No. 193,320, it worked just as well as when made.

It is perhaps unnecessary for me to add that I believe the Wheeler & Wilson to be vastly superior to any other machine made.

Yours, respectfully,

P. E. B.

Time tries all things. Use only furnishes the final test. Opinions of the skillful may be of value, but time is needed to confirm them. All failures have had their advocates. It is noteworthy that the Sewing Machine for which the highest premium was awarded at the World's Fair here in 1853 long since sunk into merited oblivion. The past fifteen years has seen numerous machines, with high-sounding pretensions, rise with a flourish, confound the simple, and vanish. So will it be while credulity lasts.

The Wheeler & Wilson Company fixed upon the "Lock Stitch" as the one best suited to the general purposes of sewing, for beauty, permanence, elasticity, and economy of thread, and experience has confirmed the preference. It was at liberty then, as now, to make the chain-stitch machine; and even now, at a cost of less than ten cents each, can adopt its lock-stitch machine to make the chain stitch as well as the lock-stitch; but, not believing in the stitch, has steadily refused to give it any kind of an endorsement.

While this Company has given to the public the best fruits of inventive genius, it has guarded it from a multitude of traps. Attachments have been added for various purposes, as hemming, binding, braiding, cording, &c., but it has been kept free of all useless complications. *Simplicity of parts*, and adaptation to the widest range of work, has been the constant aim. Instead of boasting of a variety of useless stitches and movements, it claims to make but *one kind of stitch*, and that with *the fewest movements possible*. Hence the machine may run constantly for fourteen years, like the No. 1 above-mentioned, or a lifetime, even, and work just as well as when new. With a complication of parts and movements, it would require monthly repairs and adjustments. As the purchase of a sewing-machine is, or may be, an act for a lifetime, care should be had in getting what *time* and use have approved.—*Com. Advertiser.*

AMUSEMENTS.

IRVING HALL.—
SATURDAY EVENING, May 12th,
GRAND COMPLIMENTARY CONCERT
TENDERED TO
MR. C. BUSCH,
Musical Agent, who has been confined to his bed with severe and painful sickness, for many months. On which occasion the following
EMINENT ARTISTS
HAVE GENEROUSLY VOLUNTEERED:
VOCALISTS:
MISS FANNY STOCKTON,
MISS ZELDA HARRISON,
SIGNOR ARDAVANI.
PIANISTS:
MR. S. B. MILLS,
MR. ROBERT HELLER,
MR. ROBERT GOLDBECK,
MR. THEODORE THOMAS, (VIOLIN).
ORGAN SOLOIST:
MR. G. W. MORGAN,
CONDUCTOR AND ACCOMPANYIST:
MR. G. W. COLBY.
Tickets of Admission, $1; can be obtained at all the principal music stores; at Steinway & Son's piano room, No. 71 East Fourteenth street, and at the Hall, on the evening of the Concert.

IRVING HALL—GRAND CONCERT.
FOR THE ORPHANS OF CHARLESTON, S. C.
Under the auspices of the Bloomingdale Catholic Association,
WEDNESDAY EVENING, May 23, 1866,
The following distinguished artists have kindly volunteered:
Miss MATILDA TOEDT, the celebrated Violinist;
Signorita CAROLINE POCH from Academy of Music,
Signor MAZZOLENI, from the Italian Opera,
Mr. HENRY MOLLENHAUER, the great Violoncellist,
MR. JOSEPH POZNANSKI, the distinguished Pianist,
Messrs. PECKER & WARREN, Organists,
The BEETHOVEN MÄNNERCHOR,
Mr. ERNST EBERHARD, Director.
Other celebrities will be duly announced.
Tickets One Dollar.

AMUSEMENTS.

WALLACK'S.—
Proprietor and Manager ..... Mr. LESTER WALLACK
Open's at half-past seven. Begin at eight.

Carriages may be ordered at 11 o'clock, at which hour the play now terminates.

THIS EVENING,
AND EVERY NIGHT UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE,
Mr. Charles Reade's great Drama, founded upon his highly popular novel, entitled
IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND,
Which has had an uninterrupted run of 150 nights in London.

WITH
NEW SCENERY, BY MESSRS. ISHERWOOD & MAEDER,
MACHINERY, BY MR. BUTLER AND ASSISTANTS,
COSTUMES BY MESSRS. FLANNERY AND BENSCHOTEN,
APPROPRIATE MUSIC BY MR. MOLLENHAUER,
AND GREAT CAST.

IRVING HALL.—SUNDAY SACRED CONCERT. THE SIXTH SACRED CONCERT,
SUNDAY EVENING, May 20, at 8 o'clock.
Miss FANNY STOCKTON, Contralto.
Mr. WM. CASTLE, Tenor;
Mr. S. C. CAMPBELL, Baritone,
MR. G. W. COLBY, Conductor, and
MR. G. W. MORGAN, the celebrated Organist, who will perform on ODELL'S NEW ORGAN.
Tickets 50 cents; reserved seats, 50 cents extra.

MATINEE CHORAL FESTIVAL,
AT IRVING HALL.
DR. CUTLER'S GRAND CHORAL FESTIVAL
OF 100 MEN AND BOYS,
will be repeated for the last time on
SATURDAY, MAY 19, at 3 o'Clock.
Tickets 50 cents.
For sale at Irving Hall.
NO RESERVED SEATS.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.
Broadway, between Spring and Prince streets.
EXTRAORDINARY EFFORT TO PLEASE.
MUSEUM RENOVATED AND RE-PAINTED,
ANOTHER SPACIOUS SALOON ADDED.
THE LECTURE-ROOM REDECORATED,
Engagement for a limited period of
MRS. G. C. HOWARD,
who will appear in her original personation of
"TOPSY,"
EVERY AFTERNOON AT 2; EVENING AT 7½.
In the great American Drama of
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,
Produced with all its
ORIGINAL MUSIC AND EFFECTS.
MASTER ALLEY TURNER,
THE INFANT DRUMMER, FOUR YEARS OLD.
THE AUSTRALIAN LIVING BIRD SHOW.
TWO SACRED WHITE PEACOCKS.
THE WONDER OF WONDERS.
A MAMMOTH FAT INFANT,
Only 3 years old, and weighing 196 pounds.
AN ESQUIMAUX DOG,
GIANTESS. FIVE DWARFS.
TWO CIRCASSIAN GIRLS.—GLASS BLOWERS.
THREE-HORNED BULL.—TWO NYLGHAUS.
Cosmoramas, Learned Seal, Happy Family Grand Aquaria
100,000 Curiosities.
Admission, 30 cents; children under ten, 15 cents.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
Sole Lessee and Manageress ..... MRS. JOHN WOOD
Stage Manager ..... J. H. SELWYN

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 19th,
POSITIVELY LAST NIGHT
Of the Romantic Spectacular drama, entitled the
3 GUARDSMEN.
WITH NEW SCENERY! NEW MUSIC!
NEW COSTUMES! NEW APPOINTMENTS!
AND UNEQUALLED CAST!
Acknowledged by all
THE MOST BRILLIANT PRODUCTION OF THE SEASON,
but which positively be withdrawn after
THE PRESENT WEEK,
to allow for the production of other novelties.

MONDAY EVENING, May 21,
will be presented for the first time, an entirely new adaptation of Charles Dickens' novel of
DAVID COPPERFIELD.
In active preparation,
"OUR MUTUAL FRIEND."
Doors open at 7 1-4. Curtain rise at 8 o'clock.
Seats secured three days in advance.

SPECIAL NOTICE.
It is respectfully and with much regret announced that in consequence of the severe indisposition of
MRS JOHN WOOD,
HER FAREWELL BENEFIT
is unavoidably postponed until
FRIDAY Evening, MAY 25,
Tickets and secured seats already purchased, can be retained and will be considered good for Friday, May 25, or, if desired, the money will be returned, on application at the Box Office, from 9 till 4 daily, during the present week.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—MATINEE.
J. GRAU ..... DIRECTOR.
SATURDAY AFTERNOON, May 19, at 1 o'clock. Doors open at 12,
GRAND MATINEE.
ERNANI AND FAUST.
THE ENTIRE OPERA OF ERNANI.
Elvira, Noel Guidi; Ernani, Mustani; Carlo Quinto, Orlandini; Silva, Milleri; and the third act of FAUST.
Margherite, Boschetti; Siebel, Polini; Faust, Anastasi; Mephistopheles, Miller.
Conductor and Musical Director ..... Sig. MUSSO

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Lessee and Manager ..... WM. WHEATLEY.
TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS
of the truly
GREAT AND ORIGINAL TRAGEDIAN,
CHARLES DILLON,
who will appear
THIS (Saturday) EVENING, May 19,
for the fourth time in the thrilling and pathetic character of
BELPHEGOR,
THE MOUNTEBANK,
in the play of the same name, written expressly for him, and in which he is universally acknowledged to be
WITHOUT A RIVAL.
The play, produced after
MONTHS OF PREPARATION,
WITH SCENERY,
COSTUMES,
AND APPOINTMENTS,
ALL NEW,
and of the most
COSTLY AND GORGEOUS DESCRIPTION.
THE CAST
will be unapproachable, comprising the names of
MISS IDA VERNON AS MADELINE;
Messrs. J. G. Burnett, J. W. Collier, George Becks, D. E. Ralton, J. W. Blaisdell, E. B. Holmes, E. Barry, W. H. Danvers, Miss Mary Wells, Maria Maeder, Mrs. Chapman, &c.
The scene is laid in France; Period, Reign of Louis XVIII.
Seats secured six days in advance.

GRAND CONCERT AT IRVING HALL,
ON TUESDAY EVEINNG, May 22, 1866.
The greatest Musical Novelty of the day.
PROF. COMINGIO GAGLIANO
will introduce to the public of New York his CASSA ARMONICA, with which he created an immense sensation in all the principal theaters of Europe. This instrument consists of a Harmonic Box containing thirty-four glasses, from which Prof. Gagliano, by passing his two forefingers, produces superb harmonic melody, resembling the voice of a full soprano. The masterly execution of Prof. Gagliano is combined with great feeling and appreciation of the theme, and made a deep impression in the European musical circles.
The following eminent artists of Mr. Marcisek's Italian Opera Company, whose merits are already known to the public of this country, will assist on the occasion:
MLLE. ORTOLANI,
SIG. MAZZOLENI,
SIG. ANTONNUCCI.
MR. THEODORE SCHRIENER ..... CONDUCTOR
Tickets $1. For sale at the principal music stores and at the Hall.

RESERVE.

"Quod tacitum velis nemini dixeris" was the motto of one of the discreetest men in the discreet sixteenth century. Sir Thomas Pope was one of those men who contrived to flourish undisturbed through the reigns of Henry, Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth. And he not only contrived to flourish through so many changes, but he also contrived, while taking a certain share in public affairs, to flourish without doing anything specially discreditable, and while contriving to do a good deal that was specially creditable. He was not a hero or a martyr, but he was not a rogue or a hypocrite. He never opposed any Government, but he is not charged with sharing the crimes of any Government. He seems to have gone as near the wind as an honest man could, but never to have clearly passed the line which separates vice from virtue. He was chosen to carry to Sir Thomas More the news of his intended martyrdom. He was therefore in favor with More's murderer's, but he was also in favor with More himself, and he did not at all lose that favor by his way of discharging his errand. He had a good deal to do with the suppression of Abbeys, but he had nothing to do with the hanging of Abbots. He received the surrender of St. Alban's, but he saved the Abbey Church from being pulled down. He made a large fortune out of grants of monastic lands, but he made himself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness by employing a large portion of the wealth so gained in the foundation of a College. He stuck fast to the old religion, and doubtless believed in the efficacy of good works; but he did his good works in his lifetime, he did not call his College by his own name, and in his statutes he favored the studies which then were new and struggling. Lastly, he was enough in the favor of Queen Mary to be at one time the keeper of the Lady Elizabeth, but he contrived so to discharge that trust as to win the favor of the Lady Elizabeth as well. Altogether Sir Thomas Pope seems to have come as near as any man towards making the most of both worlds. And if it was his motto which in any way helped him to do so, the doctrine taught in that motto is certainly not to be despised by any practical man.

We think, however, that it would be a mistake to suppose from his motto that Sir Thomas Pope was at all a silent man. We should rather suspect that he was somewhat talkative, both by nature and on principle. We could fancy that the very choice of this motto might be the result of some youthful slip which led him to take special care to bridle the unruly member for the rest of his days. And we may be almost certain that a man whose fixed principle was never to say anything which could possibly be dangerous would, of set purpose, talk a good deal about such things as he knew were not dangerous. A man who is intentionally reserved on certain subjects will commonly wish to avoid the appearance of reserve. He will therefore talk freely on all other subjects, and will have the tact to avoid or to evade those subjects on which he cannot talk freely. He who is determined to make no confidences will perhaps even go so far as intentionally to seem to be making confidences while really he is making none. A man whose principle is "Quod tacitum velis nemini dixeris" will look on that principle as a jewel far too precious to be indiscriminately shown to every one in the thick of the struggle of life. He will rather keep it about him safely and unostentatiously, and only in the evening of his days bequeath it to the descendants or disciples whom he wishes to tread in his steps.

A prudential reserve of this sort, carried out on principle, is the exact opposite to the practice of making mysteries. A disciple of Sir Thomas Pope has a secret, and means to keep it a secret; he therefore not only does not tell you his secret, but he takes care not to let you know that he has any secret at all. A man who makes mysteries, who lets you know in an ostentatious way that he has secrets, is probably really eager to let his secrets be secrets no longer. He likes the importance of seeming to possess secrets, especially if they are secrets which imply the confidence of those in power. But he also likes the still greater importance of actually revealing his secrets. He will make, first mysteries, and then confidences, to a dozen people all round; the only object of the mystery being to raise the value of the confidence when it comes. His virtue is easily to be won over; it only insists on the decent ceremony of a little previous wooing. Some people of this disposition get so thoroughly into the habit of making mysteries of everything that they do so absolutely without provocation; they do it when the confidence, when it comes, proves to be something which might, without danger or scandal, be proclaimed at the market-cross. Such a temper as this is the very opposite to reserve cloaking itself under the guise of reserve, while Sir Thomas Pope's principle is the reality of reserve cloaking itself under the guise of its opposite.

But this conscious and deliberate reserve, simply because it is conscious and deliberate, is something quite different from that reserve which is a matter of natural disposition. A man who acts on Sir Thomas Pope's principle would, as we have hinted, by no means necessarily strike us in ordinary intercourse as being a reserved man. It is quite possible that he would strike us as being quite the reverse. If so, he would only the more completely have gained his point; he would have concealed not only his secret, but the fact that be had a secret. But when a man is reserved by natural disposition, he cannot help showing it on all occasions. The prudentially silent man will be silent on dangerous points, but very likely specially open on safe ones. But the naturally reserved man will not be open on any point. He will neither freely tell you of his own affairs, nor freely ask you about yours. He may have no secrets at all in the proper sense of the word, but his temperament leads him to treat everything as if it were a kind of secret. He may have no real repugnance to your knowing his affairs, no real unwillingness to know yours. But he shrinks from the mere procese of asking and telling. Either of these processes is an effort, which he cannot get through without difficulty, even when he is himself convinced that he ought to make it. He will very likely lose occasions of benefitting either himself or others, from a sheer repugnance, which is almost physical, to making the necessary revelations, or asking the necessary questions. He, too, is, in another way, the opposite to the man who makes mysteries. The latter may, if he takes the trouble to think, be convinced that he had better not tell his secret, better not let people know that he has any secret; but the pleasure, first of mystery, and then of confidence, is a temptation too great to be resisted. The reserved man may be fully convinced that, in some particular case, it may be better either to give or to ask confidence, but he feels a repugnance to giving or asking which perhaps he cannot overcome at all, or at any rate not without a considerable effort.

Natural reserve then, and silence on principle, are two quite distinct things, which may exist separately. But they may be united in the same person. That is, a man who is naturally disposed to keep things to himself may also be consciously convinced, by argument or experience, of the advantage of keeping them to himself. Such a man has, in a certain sense, two strings to his bow. When reason and inclination agree, no man is likely to disobey the common dictates of both. But such a man could hardly reap the full benefit of Sir Thomas Pope's principle. He would act upon it even more thoroughly than Sir Thomas himself, because he would never feel any temptation to act otherwise. But he would destroy half the virtue af acting upon it by letting people see that he did act upon it. He could not bring himself to the fitting openness on safe subjects, and though his secrecy would be doubly sure on dangerous subjects, yet he could hardly help letting out the secret that there was a secret. In short, his inner citadel would be doubly guarded, but only at the cost of leaving the outworks exposed to the enemy. We can see no safety for such a man save in total and impenetrable silence on all subjects, great and small, safe and dangerous. Then, indeed, no one could tell on which subjects he was silent from natural habit and on which subjects he was silent on principle. And such men have often won, and perhaps have sometimes deserved, a great reputation for wisdom. But such a wisdom as this can neither be active nor amiable. The disciple of Sir Thomas Pope gains the same end as fully, and gains two or three others besides.

Natural reserve, as being natural, and therefore unavoidable, is in itself, like any other natural quality, neither a virtue nor a vice, an object neither of praise nor of blame. It may become either, according as it is dealt with. Like every other natural quality, it has its good side and its bad, its peculiar advantages and its peculiar temptations. If duly trained, it may be made highly useful; if not taken proper care of, it may become distinctly unamiable. It is a negative quality, which of itself can hardly lead to positive results. It is an excellent preservative against many forms of vice and folly, but it can hardly of itself lead to much active wisdom and virtue. It is consistent with the existence of any amount of amiable qualities, but it can hardly become amiable in itself. You may love a person in spite of it, but you can hardly love him because of it.

This natural reserve, like other natural qualities, may take several forms. One of the most curious is when reserve merely takes the form of a repugnance to begin anything, though there is no repugnance to go on when the thing is once started. Some people will never start any subject; they will never tell you about their own affairs; they will never ask you about your affairs; they will never comment on other people's affairs, public or private; they hardly volunteer any question or remark of any sort. But once start a subject, and they will go on, if you ask questions they will answer them; if you state facts, they will comment on them; and they will do all this with no apparent repugnance, but sometimes even with actual openness of speech. For instance, you may lend or recommend a book or a paper to such a person; the book or paper is read or returned, but no remark is made on its contents.

But if you start the subject, and ask for an opinion, you find no further difficulty in discussing the matter; your hitherto silent friend is both able and willing to agree with or to differ from you as may happen. This sort of disposition has somewhat the same appearance as mere shyness or awkwardness in introducing a subject; but it is really a different thing. What we have been speaking of is really a form of reserve, while shyness and awkwardness have nothing to do with reserve. The persons of whom we speak have a real repugnance to beginning a subject; a man who is merely shy feels no repugnance, but merely a difficulty. The persons of whom we speak will speak freely when they are once helped over the stile, but though they speak freely, they will not speak unreservedly. Though you can yourself lift the mere outward barrier at pleasure, still you are not likely to come in for needless confidences or imprudent disclosures. But people who are merely shy are just the people with whom you are likely to come in for them. A shy man feels not a repugnance to talk, but a mere difficulty in beginning to talk. When he has once leaped over that barrier, he has probably no real reserve to restrain him; when he once begins to talk, he will talk freely, perhaps even imprudently or impertinently. Such a man will hold his tongue during half an evening, and take the whole company into his confidence during the other half. Shyness, again, has different forms. Some people are shy with everybody; some people only with those of whom they ars yet uncertain whether they have any ground in common. As soon as the common ground is found, the shyness vanishes, and the shy man talks not only freely, but without any reserve at all. Such a man may sit for a while in mixed company and not say a word; but if something happens to draw him out, he runs into the opposite fault, by talking to the mixed company as he would talk to his intimate friends. Men who positively shrink from speaking to a stranger, who will, if they can, set another person to ask the most trifling question for them, will dispute in private or in public, will make lectures and speeches in all kinds of assemblies, without the least difficulty, the moment the one difficulty of opening their lips is got over. The reserved person will not at all necessarily have any physical shrinking of this sort. He will do all the little common affairs of life, the orders and questions and purchases of every day, without the least difficulty; it is only when you get to matters one degree greater in size that reserve and its repugnance begins. But a man who shrinks from entering a strange shop, or from asking his way of a stranger, may be ready to stand up and address a mob with only a momentary difficulty, and, with those with whom the stage of shyness is passed, he may be ready to make unlimited confidences without any difficulty at all. In short, the action of reserve begins just at the point where the action of shyness leaves off. The reserved man may upset the shy man by telling him that it is a fine day; but the moment the shy man recovers his balance, he has the advantage over the reserved man, who has to retire behind his entrenchments and resist how he can the batterings of his shy assailant.

Shyness generally covers a certain impetuousness, which is inconsistent with either natural or artificial reserve, and which makes the shy man speak with special freedom when he speaks at all. Otherwise a shy man would have less difficulty in becoming a disciple of Sir Thomas Pope than a reserved man. Supposing such impetuousness not to exist—and it is certainly not implied in the quality of shyness—a shy man, when his first difficulties were got over, that is, when he began to talk at all, could better observe the rule of speaking freely on some subjects and not at all on others, than the reserved man who has a difficulty in speaking freely on any subject. But practically, just because such impetuousness generally does exist, the shy man is a less promising subject for Sir Thomas's discipline than the reserved man. But neither of them is exactly the man for the purpose. To practise in its fullest "Quod tacitum velis, nemini dixeris," a man should be above repugnances and difficulties of any kind. Both reserve and shyness, with their repugnances and difficulties, are human weaknesses, which must stand in the way of the perfectly discreet man. The man who speaks or keeps silence as pure reason dictates to him, will find no difficulty or repugnance in speaking on account of time, place, person, or any circumstance of that sort. In order to hold his tongue at the proper time, he must be ready to speak at any time, but he must feel violently impelled to speak at no time. The avowedly talkative man, the man with mysteries, the reserved man, and the shy man, do all more or less cut their own throats. It is the man who can speak at any moment, but who does speak only at the right moment, who is likely, in the words of a famous academical dignitary, to rise to "places of very considerable emolument, even in this life," and, at least in the case of an almost canonized Founder, we trust in the next life also.—*London Saturday Review.*

AN ACT

TO REGULATE THE SALE OF INTOXICATING LIQUORS WITHIN THE METROPOLITAN POLICE DISTRICT OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK—PASSED APRIL 14, 1866; THREE-FIFTHS BEING PRESENT.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:—

Section 1. The persons who are and from time to time shall be Commissioners of the Metropolitan Board of Health, are hereby constituted and created a Board of Excise in and for the Metropolitan Police District, of the State of New York, excepting and excluding the county of Westchester, and from and after the passage of this act they alone shall possess the powers and perform the duties of Commissioners of Excise within said Metropolitan Police District, excepting said county of Westchester They shall receive no compensation for their services as such Board of Excise.

Sec. 2. There shall, in said Metropolitan Police District, be an officer called and known by the title of "Inspector of Excise," who under the Board of Excise, shall be charged with the performance of such of the duties herein imposed upon them, as they can and shall delegate to him. The Board of Excise shall have power to appoint and remove such officer, and to pay him out of the moneys to be received by them, as hereinafter provided, such salary as they shall deem proper not exceeding $2,000 a year.

Sec. 3. From and after the first of May, 1866, no person or persons shall, within the said Metropolitan Police District, exclusive of the county of Westchester, publicly keep, or sell, give away or dispose of any strong or spirituous liquors, wines, ale or beer in quantities less than five gallons at a time, unless as he or they may be licensed, pursuant to the provisions of this act, and may be permitted by it.

Sec. 4. The said Board of Excise shall, subject to the further provisions hereof, have power to grant licenses to any person or persons of good moral character, and who shall be approved by them, permitting him and them for one year from the time the same shall be granted to sell and dispose of, at any one named place within said Metropolitan Police District, exclusive of the county of Westchester, strong and spirituous liquors, in quantities less than five gallons at a time upon receiving a license fee, to be fixed in their discretion, and which shall not be less than $30 nor more than $250.

Sec. 5. Such licenses shall be in the form of a written or printed certificate, stating the name of the person or persons, and the place licensed; shall be signed as the said Board of Excise shall provide and direct; shall be kept posted by the person or persons licensed, in a conspicuous position in the room or place where his or their sales are made, and shall be exhibited at all times by the person or persons so licensed, and by all persons acting under such licenses, on demand to every sheriff, constable, or officer, or member of police; any omission so to display and exhibit such certificate shall be presumptive evidence that any person or persons so omitting to display and exhibit the same has and have no licenses.

Sec. 6. Such licenses shall only be granted on written application to the said Board, signed by the applicant or applicants, specifying the place for which license is asked and the name or names of the applicant or applicants, and of every person interested or to be interested in the business to authorize which the license shall be used.

Sec. 7. Persons not licensed, may, within the said Metropolitan Police District, exclusive of the county of Westchester, keep, and in quantities not less than five gallons at a time, sell and dispose of strong and spirituous liquors, wines, ale, and beer, provided that no part thereof shall be drunk or used in the building, or in any building, yard, garden, or inclosure communicating with, or in any public street or place contiguous to the building in which the same shall be kept, sold or disposed of.

Sec. 8. Licenses granted as above shall not authorize any person or persons to, nor shall any person or persons publicly keep, sell, give away, or dispose of any strong or spirituous liquors, wines, ale, or beer on Sunday, or on any day upon which a general or special election or town meeting shall be held, within one quarter of a mile from the place where the same shall be held.

Sec. 9. The said Board of Excise shall keep a complete record of the names of all persons licensed as herein above provided, with a statement of the place licensed and license fee imposed and paid in each case, which record they shall at all times permit to be seen in a convenient place at their principal headquarters in the city of New York.

Sec. 10. Persons licensed as herein provided shall prevent, so far as is in their power, and shall at all events give immediate notice to the nearest sheriff, constable, officer or member of police, of all and every disturbance, disorder or breach of the peace in any place which shall be so licensed, and shall forthwith cause all persons to be removed therefrom, and the place to be closed, and kept closed until quiet is restored.

Sec. 11. No person shall sell, give or dispose of any strong or spirituous liquors, wines, ale or beer to any apprentice or person under eighteen years of age, knowing or having reason to believe him to be such without the consent, in the case of an apprentice, of his master or mistress, in the case of a person under eighteen years of age, of his father, mother, or guardian.

Sec. 12. No person shall sell, give, or dispose of, and no person licensed as herein provided, shall suffer any person for, under, or employed by him, to sell, give, or dispose of any strong or spirituous liquors, wines, ale, or beer to an habitual drunkard, or to any intoxicated person or persons then being under the influence of liquor.

Sec. 13. No person licensed as herein provided shall against the request of any wife, husband, parent, or child, sell, give, or dispose of any strong or spirituous liquors, wines, ale, or beer to the husband of any such wife, wife of any such husband, parent of any such child, or child of any such parent.

Sec. 14. All persons licensed as herein provided shall keep the places at which they are so licensed to keep, sell, give and dispose of strong and spirituous liquors, wines, ale, and beer, orderly and quiet, and between the hours of twelve o'clock at night and sunrise, and on Sundays, completely and effectually closed. Nothing herein contained shall be construed to prevent hotels from receiving and otherwise entertaining the travelling public upon Sundays subject to the restrictions contained in this section.

Sec. 15. No person or persons except those licensed as herein provided, and those permitted to sell in quantities more than five gallons at a time, shall give out or profess to sell, or to have for sale, strong or spirituous liquors, wines, ale, or beer, or shall have permit, or continue in or about his or their premises any sign, notice, or token that such liquors, wines, ale, or beer are kept there for sale, or give notice or advertise that he or they have such liquors, wines, ale, or beer for sale.

Sec. 16. Every person who shall violate any of the foregoing provisions of this act shall for each offence be guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof shall be punished with a fine of not less than

thirty dollars, nor more than one hundred dollars, or with imprisonment for not less than ten days, nor more than thirty days, or by both such fine and imprisonment. In addition thereto, every person who shall violate any of the foregoing provisions hereof shall be liable to a penalty of fifty dollars for each offence, recoverable in a civil action in the name of said Board of Excise, provided that any person or persons may complain to the President of such Board of Excise of any such offence; and, on the recovery by said Board of the penalty therefor, the said Board shall pay to the person or persons so first complaining, if not members of the Police Department, the one half of the penalty so recovered; and said Board shall have authority to employ, and pay attorney or attorneys to prosecute actions for the recovery of such penalties.

SEC. 17. No person who shall trust any person for any strong or spirituous liquors, wines, ale, or beer, on a sale thereof in quantities less than five gallons, to be, or which shall be drunk, or used in the building, or in any building, yard, garden, or inclosure communicating with, or in any public street, or place contiguous to the building in which the same shall be sold, can recover or compel payment therefor.

SEC. 18. Any conviction for the violation of any of the foregoing provisions hereof, by any person or persons licensed, or at any place licensed, as herein provided, shall forfeit and annul such license.

SEC. 19. It shall be the duty of every sheriff, constable, policeman, and officer of police to compel the observance, and to prevent the violation of the foregoing provisions hereof; if necessary, by summarily closing and keeping closed any places in which shall be violated any of such provisions.

SEC. 20. Every sheriff, constable, officer, or member of police shall forthwith arrest all persons who shall violate any of the provisions of this act, and carry such persons before any magistrate of the city or town in which the offence shall be committed, to be dealt with according to the provisions of this act. And it shall be the duty of every magistrate to entertain complaints for a violation of any of the provisions of this act made by any person under oath.

SEC. 21. It shall be the duty of every sheriff, constable, officer, or member of police to arrest any person who shall be intoxicated in the street, public places or place, where strong and spirituous liquors, wines, ale, or beer are sold, publicly kept or disposed of, and to take him before any magistrate of the same city or town; and if such magistrate shall, after due examination, deem him too much intoxicated to be examined, or to answer on oath correctly, the magistrate shall cause him to be confined until he shall become sober, and then to be brought before the magistrate, who shall examine him on oath or affirmation as to the cause of such intoxication, and ascertain from him from whom he obtained the liquor he shall have drunk; but such examination shall not be used as evidence against such intoxicated person in any prosecution, civil or criminal, such intoxication being hereby declared to be an offence, punishable upon conviction by a fine of ten dollars and costs, and imprisonment until the same shall be paid, not exceeding ten days.

SEC. 22. The said Board of Excise may at any time, and upon the complaint of any resident of the said Metropolitan Police District, except in the county of Westchester, shall summon before them any person or persons licensed as aforesaid; and if they shall become satisfied that any such person or persons has or have violated any of the provisions of this act, they shall revoke, cancel, and annul the licenses of such person or persons, which they are hereby empowered to do. Upon any inquiry the said Board, or the party complained of, may summon, and said Board may compel, the attendance of witnesses before them, and examine them under oath.

SEC. 23. All license fees and penalties herein provided for shall be received by, and all fines herein provided for shall be paid over to the said Board, and shall be by them, after deducting therefrom the necessary expenses of collection, appropriated to, and to diminish the expenses of the Police Department of the said Metropolitan Police district, exclusive of the county of Westchester; provided that nothing herein contained shall divert from the State Inebriate Asylum such proportion of license fees as is now set apart for said institution by existing laws. The said Board shall annually report all sums so received by them, and all magistrates and courts shall monthly report and pay over to said Board all fines imposed and received by them.

SEC. 24. All courts having jurisdiction to try offences against the provisions of this act shall instruct and charge grand jurors to inquire into all such offences and to indict all offenders.

SEC. 25. Any person who shall sell any strong or spirituous liquors or wines to any of the individuals to whom it is declared by this act to be unlawful to make such sale, shall be liable for all damages which may be sustained in consequence of such sale, and the parties so offending may be sued in any court in this State, by any individual sustaining such injuries, or by said Board of Health, and the sums recovered shall be for the benefit of the party injured.

SEC. 26. All acts and parts of acts inconsistent with the provisions hereof are hereby repealed, so far as the same shall apply to the said Metropolitan Police district, except the county of Westchester.

SEC. 27. This act shall take effect immediately.

Miss Evans, author of "Adam Bede," "Romola," etc., is writing a new novel entitled "Felix Holt, the Radical."

The report that George Peabody has presented the SATURDAY PRESS with $200,000 is premature.

(From the London Saturday Review.)

AN IMPERIAL PRODIGY.

So much depends on the capacity and training of the Prince Imperial, that the French Emperor may well be anxious that his son should be, and should be thought to be, a remarkable boy. And if everything be true that one hears, the little Prince Imperial seems to be a youthful prodigy. One French journalist, who has been to see him, has come back surprised and astonished from the interview. His Imperial Highness is only ten years old, yet it is difficult to say what he has not learnt; and the way he talks of civilization, and barbarism, and factions, and the annals of empires is enough to bring tears into the eyes of any other little prince who hears of it. France ought to be very proud of him, and the rest of Europe very envious. Youthful prodigies in general, like learned ponies and performing dogs, are not of much use to any one except their owners, and generally excite the pity quite as much as the admiration of their audiences. But the Prince Imperial appears to belong to anything but the learned pony order of prodigy. He has got a clever father, and one of the cleverest men in France, M. Monnier, for his tutor; and being precocious does not seem to have hurt him any more than being big has hurt Chang.

If the printed account of M. Adrian Marx's visit to the Tuileries is tolerably accurate, His Imperial Highness might be one of the most famous sights of the coming French Exhibition, for he stands to all other scions of Royal and Imperial families as Gladiateur stands to other race horses. M. Marx, like the rest of France, heard of him, and thought that the time had arrived for journalism to notice his performances. Accordingly, Marx wrote to the Emperor, explaining his own position on the public press, and asking permission to visit the apartments of the Prince. The permission was very courteously and properly granted; for when we come to think of it, there is no more reason why a little prince should not be trotted out intellectually, for the benefit of his future subjects, than there is against his being delineated in shop windows in every possible attitude and position of which the human profile is capable. When princes and princesses have been photographed asleep, and awake, and smiling, and thinking, and reading, and praying, and gazing on a bust, and gazing into vacancy, it is but natural that the public should like to know something of the inside as well as the outside of such interesting persons; and if curiosity about a prince's nose and hair is not vulgar, curiosity about his mental powers cannot be. Visits to Royal and Imperial prodigies cannot therefore be called inappropriate or undesirable, especially if the visitor goes and returns in as loyal and reverential a frame of mind as M. Marx. One great advantage of a system of public exhibition would be the admirable stimulus it would afford to all boys and girls who were not princes, and who ran some risk of not being prodigies. It is difficult to spirit them up to the paths of virtue and of industry by pointing to some ideal cousin, who is represented as all that can be wished by the fondest parent. They only think the ideal cousin is a sneak or a prig, and feel an irritable and almost irrepressible desire to pull his hair. But an ideal prince is quite a different business. In recording his impressions of the French phenomenon, M. Marx may rely on it he has put an unanswerable weapon into the hands of all French parents or guardians. When any little boy shows a disinclination to read about civilization and the animals of empires, the obvious answer will be—Look at the young prince. What does the Prince Imperial say about the delights of history and geography? If some English Royal Prince could only be brought in a similar way, in the presence of an enterprising newspaper correspondent, to talk of Manguall's Questions and Dr. Kennedy's Latin Grammar with enthusiasm, and to wonder out loud whether there are any boys and girls anywhere except in the Sandwich Islands who do not enjoy Decimals and the Rule of Three, he would confer a lasting benefit upon the cause of education.

A youthful prodigy, who is to be of real service to his generation by way of model and example, ought to be complete all round, as well as lifelike, and to resemble other children in all but his precocity, and this seems to be the case with the Prince Imperial. Fond as he may be of history, he is not a book-worm, but has arms and legs like any less illustrious child. M. Marx arrived at the hour His Imperial Highness was taking a gymnastic lesson, and was obliged to wait till it was over. Thus we learn that the true prince takes care of his muscles as well as of his mind. And the remarks made by M. Marx as to the dog-ears in the Prince's books are very important, and will be read with great satisfaction by every democrat in France. He expected to see upon the book-case dictionaries splendidly bound, and grammars with gilt edges. Nothing of the sort. The age of royal roads to learning is long past. Great was his surprise to find on the shelves, close to a pair of globes, a collection of classical works both dog-eared and worn. This touch of nature and simplicity seems to have appealed forcibly to M. Marx's imagination. Happy the dynasty, he appears to have considered, who do not use golden dictionaries. "Despite myself, I thought of the old books tied up with a leathern strap and swung over the shoulder by the scholars as they left the colleges. It is no small credit to the modesty of the Prince that his books should have actually reminded M. Marx of the books of ordinary childhood. The writing-table, too, was furnished with a common porcelain inkstand, with pens and rulers of "a very democratic appearance." A ruler of democratic appearance may be conceived, though it would not be easy to detract from a wooden ruler's simplicity without detracting from its value. But what a pen of a democratic appearance may be like is not absolutely clear. Unless all the geese at the Tuileries are swans, one goose-quill pen cannot be very different from another, and though M. Marx may have expected to find golden dictionaries on the Prince's writing-table, he can hardly have expected to find that the quill pens had all come from off a golden goose. Still, true admirers of the French Constitution will be pleased to know that the French Empire in the schoolroom is brought up to write with the same bird's feathers as the humblest proletary, and that a prince in the nineteenth century, who is the son of a monarch who "comprehends his epoch," is not too pround to thumb his books, and possibly ink his thumbs. The sight of the Prince's stool and desk fairly finished off M. Marx. "The master's seat was intact, while that of the pupil was slightly deteriorated. The straw bottom was ragged at the edges, and the front rungs were worn by the feet." Thus," continues M. Marx, "the calmness of the instructor and the petulance of the pupil are equally true in all stages of the social scale." The thought is a philosophical one, and is put by M. Marx in a very moral and instructive way. It is, indeed, an indirect tribute to the great doctrines of fraternity and equality. The fidgets, like Death, know no distinction of persons. They attack alike the peasant's child and the king's. You may put a little prince in a chair, but his common humanity crops out and vindicates itself in the dilapidation of the edges of the straw bottom. If, therefore, the Prince Imperial differs from other children, it is not because of better inkstands, or golden dictionaries, or royal looking pens, or because he is exempt from the restless instincts of this kind. Wherein, then, does the difference reside between an infant Napoleon and other infants? It is genius and knowledge that does it all, and M. Marx next proceeds to show us what genius and learning may be at the early age of ten.

His Imperial Highness is brought up chiefly upon the system of peripatetic lectures. He gets wiser and wiser every day, it seems, simply by walking about with M. Monnier, who has a wonderful power of dropping information as he goes. "In a word, for instance, M. Monnier would explain how it is that the lungs feel more at ease in the middle of a full supply of oxygen" (a piece of information valuable everywhere, though we do not see why it should be especially communicable in a wood); and, under similar circumstances, M. Monnier would "point out different plants, giving them their Greek and Latin names." If the prince raised his eye towards nightfall the conversation turns upon the stars; and so with respect to natural history, geology, chemistry, and mathematics. This is the reverse of the practical method of Mr. Squeers, carried into high life and made pleasant to all parties. A boy at Dotheboys Hall first spells a thing and then goes and does it, while the Prince looks at a thing first and learns about it after. It is a high proof how unlike His Imperial Highness is to the ordinary boy that such a system does not drive him mad. On the contrary, the result is that "though the Prince is only ten years old, there is not any science upon which he has not already considerable information." History is, of all branches of instruction, that which most attracts him. "All the phenomena" of natural science "also greatly interests him," and he never tires of conversing on them. Next to science comes art, and the Prince has a pronounced taste for all the arts. He "draws and paints without masters, models in clay without having taken any lessons, and repeats with a finger on the piano the airs which his ear retains." Why His Imperial Highness should go without masters if he has a turn for painting, why he should not take lessons if he has a capacity for modelling in clay, and why, if he has a taste for music, he should confine himself to practising with a single finger, M. Marx does not explain. It is enough that the Prince has a genius for all the arts. There is, however, no doubt as to the intellectual conversation which the Prince had with M. Monnier about Cadmus on the very morning of M. Marx's visit. After listening attentively to the legend of Cadmus and the dragon's teeth, His Imperial Highness proceeded to discuss it. "Cadmus," he said, "is civilization. The dragon is barbarism preventing approach to the fountain which is light. The triumph of Cadmus is that of civilization, and the springing up of soldiers, who massacre each other, is civil war, or the extirpation of factions who can never be extirpated from a State." This is pretty well at ten years old. If these things are done in the green wood, what will be done in the dry? The only mitigating circumstance about it is this, that the interpretation has too clear a Napoleonic ring to permit us to believe, with M. Marx and M. Monnier, that it originated in the schoolroom. It sounds, not of the Imperial schoolroom, but of the Imperial study. The voice is the voice of the father, though the lips may be the lips of the son. The Prince Imperial next presented M. Marx with a pen-and-ink sketch of a shepherd playing a flute in the middle of a forest, which was subsequently transferred to the pages of the *Evenement*. After that, he conversed affably with M. Marx on the subject of a taste for the "Annals of Empires." He next showed him a bust of his tutor modelled with his own hands, a "striking likeness," though roughly executed. And after all this intellectual exercitation, M. Marx took his leave. Having done due reverence to the Prince's mind, he fires a flying shot in honor of his face. "As to the features of the Prince, photography has spread everywhere his affable traits; but it cannot render his fine clear look, his interesting physiognomy, and the exquisite distinction of his whole appearance." If photography can render the affability of traits, one does not see why it should not render the clearness of looks, the interest of physiognomy, or an appearance of distinction. But allowances are doubtless to be made for the incoherence of a gentleman who has just emerged, bedazzled and surprised, from the schoolroom of an Imperial prodigy.

The upshot of M. Marx's view is that the Prince Imperial is a remarkable little boy, and is as superior to every day princes as his father is to ordinary kings. He is in fact a youthful prodigy, of a first-rate sort. If so, one hardly knows whether to be glad or sorry that his poor little candle is blazing away at an age when other candles are only beginning to be lighted. It is possible, however, by way of consolation, to think that M. Marx's loyalty has excited him unduly about the premature intelligence of his sovereign's son. A writer who becomes sentimental over a Prince Imperial's pen and ink, and the edges of his straw-bottomed stool, cannot be trusted to give a totally unimpassioned account of a Prince Imperial himself. As photography fails about his face, one does not see why M. Marx should not fail about his mind.

(For the Saturday Press.)

A BRIEF DISQUISITION

CONCERNING THE EARLY HISTORY OF PRINTING IN AMERICA. NEW YORK, PRIVATELY PRINTED, 1866. pp. 18.

This essay is an extract from the *Bibliotheca Americana Vetustissima*, and is printed thus privately in in an edition of only 25 copies. In the original work it forms pages 365-377.

Printing was first introduced upon this continent in Mexico. Some of the aboriginal inhabitants of South America had the art of writing, and, as Las Casas tells us, quite a literature of their own.

These records were all destroyed by the Spaniards in their insolence of power and religious fanaticism. However much we may deplore this sad loss, yet it hardly behooves any modern Christian nation to blame the Spaniards for it, since each of them has displayed the same qualities whenever opportunity has offered.

Only one single piece of the original literature of the natives of South America is known, and this was recently recovered. It is a religious play, entitled the "Popol Vol," and was a few years since published in the original Quichua language, with a translation in French by the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg. The Abbé, who is an enthusiastic and indefatigable student of American antiquities, so engratiated himself with the Indians of Guatemala, that he finally induced them to represent this play before him, and to allow him to write it out.

The question of the first book and the first printer who practiced his art on this continent, is settled in this Disquisition as well as our present information enables us to settle it. Juan Cromberger, a famous printer of Seville, probably obtained the privilege of establishing the first printing office in Mexico, and Juan Pablos, who afterwards signs himself *the first printer of Mexico*, was the foreman sent over to take charge of it. Davilla Padilla, who was born in the city of Mexico in 1562, and who wrote a "History of the foundation of the Province of Mexico" in Spanish, published in 1625, says that Juan de Estrada wrote a book which was a translation of a work by Saint Juan Climacus, which was printed by Juan Pablos, and was the first book either written or printed in America.

From the "Ecclesiastical History" of Alonzo Fernandez (1611) we have the date of 1535 as the time when the work was printed, and G. Gonzales Davilla, in his "Theatre of the Primitive Church of the West Indies," gives us the title thus in translation, *The Spiritual Ladder, by which to ascend to Heaven, translated from Latin into Spanish, by the venerable Father, Brother Juan de la Madalena, a Dominican.* Madalena was the cloister name of Estrada.

No copy of this work is known to be in existence. The original exists, and is an ascetic treatise, from which the author received his name of Climacus. He was a famous old man in his day, was born in Palestine about 525, was named originally John, and beside the name of Climacus was also called Scholasticus from his wonderful learning, and Sinaita from his living as a hermit upon Mount Sinai. The original is in Greek, is in aphoristic form, and is called the climax or ladder by which Heaven can be reached. This ladder contains thirty rounds.

Perhaps the crowds who have ascended by its means have worn out the road by which they mounted, and thus we may account for the fact that we have only traditionary accounts of its existence. The present condition of Mexico may add further weight to this suggestion.

The first book with a date, printed in Mexico, and actually in existence, is a "Manual de Adultos," a religious manual, printed with the address of Juan Cromberger, and dated December 13, 1540.

Just one hundred years afterwards, in 1640, the first book was printed in the United States, by S. Dage. This is the "Whole Booke of Psalmes, faithfully translated into English Metre. Of this there are several copies in existence.

From these humble beginnings the divergence between the two portions of this continent is marked and suggestive. The amount of printed matter has certainly increased, but is there much more can be said for it?

E. H.

BOOKS.

NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

By CHARLES READE. 2 vols., 16mo. $2.50
This remarkable work, to which so much popular interest is now attracted, richly merits the attention of all cultivated and thoughtful persons for its literary excellence, its dramatic power, and the important philanthropic suggestions it contains.

OTHER WORKS BY SAME AUTHOR.

PEG WOFFINGTON. $1 25.
CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE. $1 25.
CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE. $1 25.
WHITE LIES. $1 50.
EIGHTH COMMANDMENT. $1.

*** Sent post-paid on receipt of price.

TICKNOR & FIELDS,
PUBLISHERS, BOSTON MASS.
And No. 63 BLEECKER ST., New York.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY,

AND

Our Young Folks

FOR

JUNE, 1866.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

Offers a fine variety of interesting articles. "In the Hemlocks," by the author of "The Snow Walkers," in the ATLANTIC for March, is a paper of curious knowledge and frankness.

The concluding account of the "Last Days of Walter Savage Landor" contains several letters by the old poet, some relating to our late war—and much interesting anecdote.

"The Passage from Hawthorne's Note-Book" continues the charming narrative of his life at Brook Farm.

Mrs Stowe relates the story of a nameless New England Saint.

"A Pioneer Editor" is a valuable biographical sketch of Dr. Bailey of the National Era.

"Dr. Johns" is concluded, and another instalment of "Griffith Gaunt" is given.

Other interesting prose articles; characteristic poems by J. G. Whittier, H. W. Longfellow, and E. C. Stedman; and some very full and interesting critical notices of new books, make a number of great attractiveness.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

Contains an unusual number and variety of articles suited to the season:—"The Violets' Lesson," by Susan E. Dickinson; "The First May Flowers," by Kate Putnam; "Spring Song," by Rose Terry; "The Dew Fairies," by Margaret T. Canby; and another article of the capital series, "The Four Seasons," by Lucretia P. Hale

"The Little Southerners," by Mrs. Edward A. Walker; "A Tennessee Farm-House," by J. T. Trowbridge; a charming article on "Sea Life," by the author of "The Seven Little Sisters;" "Mother Magpie's Mischief," one of Mrs Stowe's exquisite stories; and another part of the wonderful "Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life," render this number of OUR YOUNG FOLKS full of remarkably interesting reading, while there is the usual attraction of Rebuses, Charades, Puzzles, and our Letter-Box.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY is 35 cents a number. $4 a year.
OUR YOUNG FOLKS is 20 cents a number. $2 a year.
ATLANTIC MONTHLY and OUR YOUNG FOLKS, $5 a year.
A Liberal Discount to Clubs.

BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

The South Since the War. By Sydney Andrews. 1 vol. 12mo. $2.
The Masquerade, and other Poems By John G. Saxe. 1 vol. 16mo. $1 75.
Lucy Ariyn. By J. T. Trowbridge. 1 vol., 12mo. $2 25.

*** Sent post-paid on receipt of price.

TICKNOR & FIELDS,
PUBLISHERS, BOSTON, MASS.
And No. 63 BLEECKER ST., New York.

A NEW ILLUSTRATED PAPER!!

The undersigned have the pleasure of announcing that on the 4th of June they will issue the first number of a New Illustrated Journal, to be called

"*THE MIRROR OF THE TIMES.*"

Though there are already a large number of Periodical Publications of the kind we propose to issue, and there is therefore no positive necessity for the establishment of another, still, we intend to fill a vacancy in this connection which has long been felt, to the injury of many meritorious sheets.

It is impossible at the present time to obtain any paper of the least merit for less than Three Dollars per annum, and an illustrated one for not less than Four Dollars. Our intention is, therefore, to issue a Journal of the same size as "Harper's" or "Frank Leslie's," the contents of which shall be equal to them in merit, and to charge but half of their price, namely, Two Dollars per year. We shall aim to present a weekly history of passing events, illustrated by woodcuts in the highest style of the art, and interspersed with Original Novels, Romances, Tales, Adventures, Concise Biographies, Laughable Anecdotes, Wit, Humor, Squibs, Inimitable Caricatures, Literary, Personal and Scientific Items, etc., etc.

In thus charging so small a sum for their paper, the Publishers of the "*Mirror of the Times*" expect to be rewarded with a Subscription List which shall amply remunerate them for their necessary outlay of both "*Mind and Matter.*"

Subscription Price for one year, $3.00.
" " Six months, $1.25.

No *Free* Copies. No Advertisements inserted.
Address all Subscriptions and Editorial matter to

W. S. SANDFORD & CO.,
BOSTON, Mass.

JUST PUBLISHED.

BETSEY JANE WARD

[BETTER-HALF TO ARTEMUS.]

HUR BOOK of GOAKS.

Every reader of the works of A. WARD (Showman) must surely get this companion volume. It is one of the richest specimens of comic literature extant (fully equal, many think, to the writings of A. Ward himself.) The orders are pouring in for it. Remember, first come—first served. Capital Illustrations.

1 vol. 12mo. Elegantly bound in cloth. Price $1 50.

☞ A liberal Discount to the Trade, from whom Orders are solicited.

Sold by all Booksellers, and will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, by JAMES O'KANE, Publisher,
136 Nassau street, New York.

DORE'S ILLUSTRATED BIBLE,

PART I. NOW READY.

A SPECIMEN OF THIS WONDERFUL PUBLICATION WILL BE SENT, POSTAGE PAID, TO ANY PERSON IN THE UNITED STATES ON RECEIPT OF FIFTY CENTS.

Terms—One Dollar each Part, postage paid.
Annual Subscriptions, entitling to 12 Parts, postage paid, $10.

ALSO

Doré's Dante, Complete, Illustrated with 76 Large Designs, by Gustave Doré. Royal quarto.....$ 20 00

Doré's Munchausen, complete, illustrated with 100 designs, by Gustave Doré. Quarto.....$ 5 00

Doré's Don Quixotte. Now publishing in monthly parts.—Price 50 cents each; parts 1 to 16 now ready.

Our Illustrated Catalogue will be sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of 30 cents. Our ordinary Catalogue, on receipt of 3 cents

CASSELL, PETTER & GALPIN,
LONDON.

WALTER LOW,
812 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

BOOKS.

THE NEW YORK AGENCY of
Messrs TICKNOR & FIELDS
has removed from No. 822 Broadway to
No. 68 BLEECKER ST.,
a few doors east of Broadway,
where all their publications may always be found.
Subscriptions received for
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY,
OUR YOUNG FOLKS,
NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW,
EVERY SATURDAY.
Any book on their list sent POSTAGE-PAID on receipt of publication price.
Catalogues sent FREE on application.

MAC-A-CHEEK PRESS.

This most remarkable instance of cultivation, of the Native, is to be found in the Mac-a-cheek Valley, State of Ohio, through the post office in *West Liberty, Logan County.* Two dollars a year will fetch weekly specimens of political scalps, and literary productions, really original and entertaining.

NOTICE.

THIS JOURNAL DOES NOT ADVERTISE FOR, OR EXCHANGE WITH the NEW YORK HERALD.
Address,
GRIBBLE BROTHERS,
West Liberty, Ohio

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICE.

LIFE OF WILLIAM BLAKE

(PICTOR IGNITUS.)

WITH SELECTIONS FROM HIS POEMS AND OTHER WRITINGS. BY THE LATE ALEXANDER GILCHRIST, AUTHOR OF THE "LIFE OF WILLIAM ETTY." ILLUSTRATED FROM BLAKE'S OWN WORKS, IN FAC SIMILE, AND BY PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHY, WITH A FEW OF BLAKE'S ORIGINAL DESIGNS. INCLUDING THE "BOOK OF JOB," AND "BOOK OF JOB," AND "SONGS OF INNOCENCE." 2 Vols. Large 8vo. Cloth, $10.00; on half calf extra, $14.00

J. W. BOUTON,

No. 430 BROADWAY.

announces to the public that he has just received from London a special importation of this hitherto very costly work, which he is now enabled to offer at a very moderate price. By skillful use of the new resources of the day in engraving, an exhibition for the first time of Blake's peculiar powers as an inventor and designer is presented in these two richly decorated volumes, which contain a Life of the Artist, freely illustrated from his drawing, a collection of his letters and Poems—for he was a poet of rare originality and beauty—and the entire series in photo-lithography of his remarkable designs, drawn from the BOOK OF JOB, and the exquisite SONGS OF INNOCENCE. It forms altogether a monograph on the Literary and Graphic works of one who is repaid for the neglect of his own time by the wonder and admiration of posterity.

FINE ARTS.

WEISMANN & LANGERFELDT,

(SUCCESSORS TO EMIL SEITZ),

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

WORKS OF ART,

No 843 BROADWAY, Corner THIRTEENTH STREET, N. Y.

We beg leave to inform you that we have purchased the interest and Art Stock of Mr. EMIL SEITZ, and shall continue to carry on the business at the well known store, 843 Broadway.

Our assortment will comprise Old and Modern

Line Engravings, Chromo-Lithographs, Photographs, Etchings, Drawing Studies, Oil Paintings, Mezzotints, Lithographs, Water-Color Drawings,

and other Works of Art published here and in Europe.

Being connected with the most prominent Fine Art Establishments on both continents, we are enabled to import, at short notice and on the most favorable terms, all works of Art not found in this market.

We will also have on sale the well known Chromo-Lithograph, after Bierstadt's celebrated picture, entitled

"SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW."

"*MONUMENTS OF ART,*" being a complete history of Art from the earliest period to the present day, and other works of similar character published by Mr. Seitz.

Special attention will be paid to the framing and hanging of pictures, cleaning and restoring engravings and oil paintings.

A complete assortment of Passe-partouts, paper Mats, and Picture Cord, constantly on hand.

Soliciting the favor of your patronage,

We remain, very respectfully,
WEISMANN & LANGERFELDT,

GEORGE G. CLAPP,

64 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK

Agent for the Purchase and Sale of RARE and VALUABLE BOOKS PICTURES ENGRAVINGS. ETCHINGS, &c

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

FIRST PRIZE GOLD MEDAL!

SCHUTZE & LUDOLFF,

MANUFACTURERS OF

GRAND AND SQUARE

PIANO-FORTES.

The most prominent artists, viz.:

GOTTSCHALK,
H. A. WOLLENHAUPT,
WM. MASON,
A. GOCKEL,
M. STRAKOSCH,
CARL ANSCHUTZ,
(Director of the German Opera.)
A. DAVIS,
(Professor of Music.)
CHARLES FRADEL,
and A. DIMPKOKER,

Have given the most flattering testimonials.

EVERY PIANO WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.

SCHUTZE & LUDOLFF,
862 BROOME STREET, (Near Broadway,) NEW YORK

CHURCH BELLS

OF

Any Size required, either Single or in Chimes,

CAST TO ORDER.

Forty years' practice in the business enables us to cast Bells in quality of metal, form and proportions, so as to produce great volume and harmony of tone.

HENRY N. HOOPER & CO.,
26 Commercial Street, Boston.

RESTAURANTS.

THE DE SOTO.

A FIRST CLASS

ENGLISH CHOP HOUSE.

No. 71 BLEECKER STREET,

NEW YORK.

W. GARRARD.

CLIFTON SHADES,

NO. 15 EAST HOUSTON STREET,

NEW YORK CITY.

HARRY CLIFTON. CHARLES CLIFTON.

PFAFF'S!

NO. 653 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

[C. CRUYT & CO., SUCCESSORS.]

THE MOST CELEBRATED RESTAURANT IN THE COUNTRY

THE BEST WINES.

THE BEST LAGER BIER.

THE BEST VIANDS

THE BEST WAITERS.

THE BEST COMPANY

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING

EVERYBODY WHO COMES TO TOWN GOES AT ONCE TO

PFAFF'S,

No. 653 BROADWAY.

INSURANCE.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

THE

METROPOLITAN

INSURANCE COMPANY,

108 AND 110 BROADWAY

Cash Capital.....$1,000,000
Surplus, over.....400,000

INSURES

AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE.

ALSO, AGAINST ALL

MARINE AND INLAND NAVIGATION RISKS

ON CARGO OR FREIGHT.

The Assured receive 75 per cent. of the net profits, without incurring any liability, or in lieu thereof, at their option, a liberal discount upon the premium.

JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, President,
R. M. C. GRAHAM, Vice-President,
JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, Jr.,
Second Vice-President.
HENRY HOBART PORTER, Secretary

ACCIDENTS!

THE

"TRAVELLERS" OF HARTFORD

is the

OLDEST ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO. IN AMERICA.

Cash Assets, Sept. 1865.....$462,371 45.

Policies issued in sums of $500 to $10,000, with compensation from $3 to $50 per week, in terms of One Month to Five Years insuring against

Accidents of All Kinds,

whether travelling or not; whether in the car, coach or steamboat, or outside, walking, hunting, fishing, swimming, etc.

RATES OF PREMIUM LOW,

☞ A protective insurance against loss of life or injury by accident, anywhere and at all times. No medical examination required.

ISSUED IN THE ORIGINAL

TRAVELLERS' INSURANCE CO.
OF HARTFORD, CONN.

☞ Over 25,000 policies issued, up to Oct. 1, and upwards of 650 losses paid within the year, including the large sum of $36,000 to twelve policy-holders, for a total premium of less than $250.

RODNEY DENNIS, Sec'y
JAS. G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

NEW YORK OFFICE:

No. 160 Fulton Street.

JOHNSON & FISHER, General Agents

MISCELLANEOUS.

UNION SQUARE BILLIARD ROOMS,

40 & 42 EAST FOURTEENTH STREET,
Betw'n Broadway and 4th Ave.,
Containing

TWENTY-TWO OF PHELAN'S MARBLE AND SLATE TABLES

making them the Handsomest and

MOST COMPLETE BILLIARD-ROOMS IN THIS COUNTRY.

CHRIS. O'CONNOR, Proprietor.

SILK UNDERCLOTHING

FOR

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

A LARGE VARIETY

WILL BE FOUND AT

UNION ADAMS'

No. 637 BROADWAY,

NEW YORK.

DR. FOOTE'S ADVERTISEMENTS.

Old Eyes Made New,

Without Spectacles, Doctor or Medicine. Pamphlet mailed free. Address
B. B. FOOTE, M. D.,
1130 Broadway, New York.

Comfort and Cure for the Ruptured.

Sent free. Address
B. B. FOOTE, M. D
1130 Broadway, New York.

CROUP.

HOW IT MAY BE EASILY PREVENTED. Also Cause and Cure. Sent free. Address,
B. B. FOOTE, M. D.,
1130 Broadway, New York.

MEDICAL COMMON SENSE.

400 pages—100 Illustrations, $1 50. Sent by mail everywhere, postpaid. Contents. Tables sent free. Address the Author,
B. B. FOOTE, M. D.,
1130 Broadway, New York.

BRADY'S GALLERY,

No. 785 Broadway, cor. 10th Street.

FREE TO THE PUBLIC.

GRAND EXHIBITION of an entirely new and attractive collection of WAR VIEWS and PORTRAITS OF REPRESENTATIVE MEN.

This collection comprises more than 2000 pictures, several hundred specimen copies of which have just been placed on exhibition as above.

USE KEHOE'S CLUBS.

FOR STRENGTHENING AND DEVELOPING THE MUSCULAR SYSTEM.

Clubs, 6 to 8 lbs., $5 per pair; 10 to 12 lbs., $6 to $7 per pair
Address all orders, which must be accompanied by cash, to
S. D. KEHOE,
No. 103 ELM STREET, N Y

TRADE MARK,

OF THE

MAGIC RUFFLE COMPANY.

To be found on each box and each piece of GENUINE MAGIC RUFFLE. All Ruffles, of whatever name, not having this mark are worthless imitations and infringements on the patents of the Magic Ruffle Company.

The GENUINE MAGIC RUFFLES are full six yards in each piece, are well made, of the best material, and give perfect satisfaction to consumers.

For sale by all the Principal Jobbers and Retailers.
Office of Company
95 CHAMBERS STREET, NEW YORK.

KAVANAGH & DECKER,

BILLIARD TABLE MANUFACTURERS

NO. 235 CANAL,

Corner Centre street, New York

DUDLEY KAVANAGH,
having associated himself with LEVI DECKER, for the
MANUFACTURE OF BILLIARD TABLES,
and all articles connected therewith, the firm are now prepared to execute orders to any extent. The great want—a perfect Billiard Cushion—has at last been secured, in
KAVANAGH & DECKER'S PATENT,
the best players pronouncing it the most perfect yet introduced.
The choicest materials are used, and no pains will be spared to render the fullest satisfaction to purchasers. A large stock of Tables, Cues, Balls, &c., constantly on hand, to meet the demands of the trade. KAVANAGH & DECKER,
No. 235 Canal, corner Centre street, New York.

GEBHARD'S GYMNASIUM.

FENCING, SKATING, AND ARCHERY.

161 FIFTH AVE, and 937 BROADWAY. (near 22d St.)

The undersigned begs to remind the public of the actual necessity of proper and systematic physical exercise, in order to the preservation of good health. To those of sedentary habits and phlegmatic temperaments, and indeed all, a healthy action of the lungs, nerves, and muscles, is of the greatest importance; for in the absence of this healthy action, the system soon becomes deranged and disorganized, when we readily become the unconscious victims of fevers, cholera, nervous and spinal affections, and numerous other complaints.

By a thorough course of Gymnastics alone, can these evils be averted, because of the diversity of these exercises, by which all the functions of the system are influenced and benefited. This desirable state of things cannot be accomplished by any one species of exercise—as walking, riding, &c. Physicians know and will substantiate these facts.

Day Classes for Ladies, Misses, and Masters in the morning. Gentlemen's classes in the evening

HENRY GEBHARD

N B. Mr. Gebhard respectfully announces to his young lady patrons that he has introduced into his establishment the practice of Archery, one of the most exhilirating and healthful exercises known.

HENRY BEYER, Printer, 19 Chatham St., N.